

**NO 49**



# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 49

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West. }

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. }

Whole No. 101

## Around Town.

Some years ago I was riding through the canyons and along the ledges of the mountains of Colorado on the seat of a big freight wagon, drawn by six mules and driven by an old-fashioned frontiersman, who was so full of profanity and philosophy that I cannot forget him. He was driving the leading teams down one of those wrinkles in the brow of the mountain, the brakes firmly set and the six big mules holding back with all their might, and yet the speed was increasing, and the worst of the descent was yet to come. I knew the road well, and was looking forward to where a sharp turn around a projecting buttress of rock made it exceedingly dangerous for those who were driving too fast or had lost control of their cattle. Our wagon was overloaded, and it was my fault, for I had not taken the teamster's advice. Behind us rumbled a score more of heavily-freighted "schooners," and my nerves were not made more easy by hearing the clattering of hoofs immediately behind us. I looked back, and the twenty wagons were dangerously close together. There was not a foot to spare at either wheel—on one side the mountain, on the other a precipice with the tall pines and the cascade hundreds of feet beneath. Within forty feet of the point of rocks and the sharp curve in the road, crack went the brake, the foot-lever flew forward, almost precipitating the driver against the mountain side, but in a second he was erect, his long quirt cracking like pistol-shots at the ears of the mules and his voice shrieking out, "Hi there!" When I heard the brake give way, I almost involuntarily started to my feet as if to jump, but between the first crack of his whip and the torrent of blasphemy which followed he yelled at me, "Stick to the wagon." The mules jumped forward, the wagon lurched like a boat in a storm, and we swept around that point of rocks in a way which made my heart stand still. Then began the up-grade and safety. As I looked at the driver, his face gleaming almost chalky white through the edges of his scattered beard and making the spots of sunburn stand like scorched patches on a sheet, he turned to me and said a number of things which were not complimentary, but which were exceedingly profane. The name of his Maker and my folly were mingled together in a way which on any ordinary occasion I would have resented. Soon he calmed down and proceeded to give me a lecture on the text of "Stick to yer team; never jump out'n the wagon. If things is a runnin' you, lick up your mules and run them."

"Now, where would ye've bin if you'd jumped?" he demanded, "Down there in the canyon with th' top of a tree stickin' through ye and them buzzards flyin' off with hunks of yer meat. That's where ye'd bin." (Here fill in any expletives that occur to the imagination of the reader) "There hain't nuthin' in jumpin'. The only chance ye've got is to stick to th' place that yer safe in and swear. Don't try to hang back if the brakes is broke. Git up steam and keep her agoin' as long as you kin, and when the time comes fer yeh to go over the edge yer just as safe in the wagon as you would be a-jumpin'. and mebbe ye'll git through jist like we hev, though if I hadn't a-hollered you would hev jumped, you—" (Again fill in a column of remarks which would convict a man without trial before the Great White throne or anywhere else where profanity is prohibited.) It was a moment that I shall never forget. It was a lesson which I shall remember, and a rule (excepting the "swear" part) by which I shall abide as long as I live. Never jump out of your own wagon. Things may look very dark, surroundings may be dangerous, but as the old teamster said, "dang it, you can't tell what you kin ride over." And I might add to this, it is impossible to tell what you can't ride around. People begin things and get frightened. They overload their wagons as I did, and the brakes give way, but at the crisis they have not nerve enough to whip up their mules, and for the terrible moment which is between them and the crisis to maintain control of their caravan. Very few people that I ever knew or heard of ever found themselves the worse off for having stuck to their wagon till the last minute. Of course when one knows that the ship is bound to sink, that nothing can save it, and there is a chance of safety by taking to the boats, he would be foolish in not doing so, but many people have been drowned by deserting the ship too soon. Man was not born to live on water, but on land, where he belongs, and there it is always a good rule to stick to the wagon.

A good example of how men lose their heads is furnished in the recent West end scandal where a prominent church member, after denying his guilt, is alleged to have got a friend to settle the matter by the payment of a sum of money. At the beginning he seemed prepared to fight the thing through and many people believed him innocent, but when the wagon got going a little fast he jumped out and thought he was safe. What was the result? The settlement did not quiet the scandal, but instead, he figuratively broke his own neck, was condemned by the church and placed himself in a position where he is to be sued afresh for damage. If the man had fought the thing through he could not have been worse off than he is to-day and he might have succeeded in making people believe that he is innocent. If he had acknowledged his fault at the beginning he might have worried through his trouble, but he put his hand to the plough and then looked back. Never do

it. No matter how black things look make up your mind and stick to it. I am not speaking from a moral point of view, but from the standpoint of what is temporarily best for a man or woman when they find themselves in a difficult and dangerous position. Mankind has sympathy with anyone who is willing to fight; it admires those who close their teeth tightly and use their last effort to drive instead of being driven. Any weakness or sign of wavering is quickly noticed. Every act of courage, even in a bad cause, is more or less admired. If your business is in a bad shape, use the last ounce of energy that is in you to make your team drag it around the curve. If things are bad socially, or in any way which concerns you, determine to be master of the situation till the crash comes, and then have nothing to say. Remember, I am looking at this from a purely material and human standpoint, and the idea is only valuable as far as it is within its legitimate sphere. The majority of troubles which come upon people are the result of somebody getting frightened and jumping out of the wagon. With perfect courage and knowledge of the route, it is a queer load that cannot be hauled around the most dangerous curves and past the most frightful precipices. Never weaken, my friends, if you are in trouble. There is nothing in it but condemnation for yourselves.

I have received a letter, evidently from a lady of foreign birth, who takes exception to what she supposes was an unlimited advocacy of realism in my last week's article. She says:

"I have been reading over your Around Town, and find the flavor bitter. Do you think that we women can only admire ideal works, men of straw, divinely beautiful women, who have never existed save in the imagination of ro-

and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when they are talking "angel" they are wondering whether the woman will keep the buttons sewed on their shirts and a decent dinner on the table. Angels are unfitted for this sublunary climate, they are particularly unfitted to be the companions of men. If there is an argument against romanticism it applies more strongly to this angel notion than to any other absurdity that I could mention. Men want companions. Angels, as I have said before, are not fit companions for men, but women are, if they are properly educated, and do not insist upon being regarded as ethereal beings. Our life in Canada may lack many of the refined superficialities which make the European cities so charming, but we have here as much as in any land on earth men who can love women, and are anxious to be kind to them, men who can be modelled by womanly hands, but who can be as readily spoiled by the nonsense of a female who has been persuaded by her lover's fervor that she is just a little too nice for this earth.

When Saul of Tarsus took more pride in being of the strictest sect of the Pharisees than in being a Christian and a good citizen it was his delight to persecute those whose ideas were more enlightened, whose natures were wider than his own; and in modern times in every church one can find many who live and obtain prominence by the narrowness of their sectarianism and the rancor with which they persecute liberal Christian principles. In politics some men are still proud to say that they are a "Tory of the Tories" or a "Grit of the Grits," fairly reveling in their narrowness and unlovely littleness; so too we find those who are "Calvinists of the Calvinists" and

septicism. The piety which Protestantism esteems is not that which has been secluded from the world by the cloister or the monastery, but that which has overcome doubt and worldliness in the battle which we all must fight. If the preferences and piety of the Methodist youth are unsafe in Toronto while at school, we have reason to suspect our system of college education, or else seek for the reason in the doctrine underlying Methodism itself. Every one understands that a youth whose religious education has been neglected, when he comes in contact with other creeds or with young men who have forsaken the faith, may be in danger, but the responsibility must be placed where it belongs, and it must be remembered that it is not the duty of the state to implant the doctrines of Methodism or any other "ism" in the mind of youth. Its duty is fulfilled when it affords an opportunity for higher education to the youth of the land. If, in a new country like Canada, sectarianism is to so divide the community and prejudice is to run so high that the young men and young women of each denomination must be cloistered from the world during the formative period of their mental existence, how is it possible for a state to find material with which to fill its colleges, and from which to select the material which is to control the unsectarian education and mental development, which is its especial responsibility? If the Baptists are to have their school which is to be Baptist first, last and always; if the Methodists are to have a university which demands a knowledge of their catechism as a part of the matriculation; if the Presbyterians, in the matter of higher education, are to seize upon the youth and feed him Calvinism with his classics;

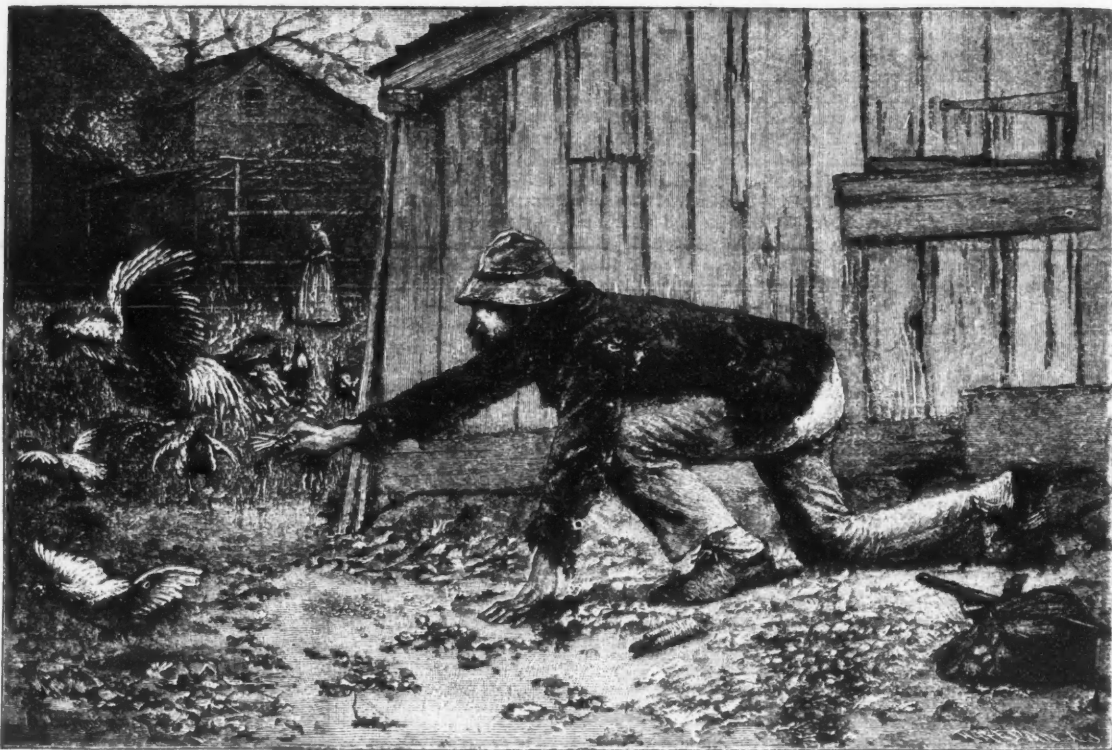
classic journal, the *Saturday Review*, freely using, without the apology of quotation marks, the word "racket." It talks of the "socialistic racket, etc.," and has evidently adopted this slang word as a valuable addition to its vocabulary. Conventionalism in literature has prevented the ordinary writer from using words which, at the time, have the greatest meaning, for fear the writer may be suspected of vulgarity and ignorance of the mother tongue. Slang has added to the language the strongest words which are in it. A word, a phrase, is often adopted by people as expressing an idea which would take a long sentence to describe. A word, or phrase, like a flash of electric light carries an idea to the mind of the reader, but because it is unconventional writers flight it, preferring to give a labored description, which is not half so forcible as the slang word. In America, newspapers are excused, yes, admired if they can coin a word which will give their meaning without loss of time and the expenditure of a sea of ink. What indeed is written language but a medium whereby we seek to make an impression or convey an idea? There is nothing sacred about it which should make it a sin to add to the already powerful vocabulary which usage has given us. Yet one is accused of writing bad English if he has the least tendency to be slangy. The pedants roll up their eyes in horror when they see a new word, particularly if it savors of the street. They don't seem to know that the language used on the street is that which will convey an idea most rapidly and most forcibly, for on the pavement people have not time to linger while some one spurs lofty periods into their ears. Why is the English language esteemed the most forcible of modern tongues? Because it has not disdained to adopt such words and phrases which become by general use intelligible and forcible to the majority. It is all very well to write elegant English; it is better to write common sense. It is a pleasant thing to be told that one's English is above suspicion; it is worth much more to know that in a few words you have made an impression on the reader and given him an idea which he will carry away with him. This is a busy world. Every effort has been made to adapt the language to the haste and the necessities of busy people. No writer or preacher can hold a congregation long enough to make an impression unless he strikes out sharply from the shoulder and drops the ornamental nothings of which English writers were once so proud.

Those who study the city newspapers must notice that Toronto is supplying the country with a good many murders, manslaughters and crimes of a sensational character, and I have heard it remarked that we are losing our reputation as an exceedingly moral place. It is a mistake to think that we are becoming worse. Toronto has become a large city, and the criminal class is increasing proportionately. After a certain point, the largeness of a city begins to attract criminals from all over the country in which it is situated, because it is well known that it is easier to hide from justice in a large center of population than it is to be concealed where the population is sparse and everybody knows everybody else and his business.

Talking about large cities, but few cities are more unfortunate than Toronto in making a good first impression on a visitor. Coming in by boat one is first impressed by a lot of rickety wharves and a long line of freight and coal yards, a dingy railway station and rows of ugly boat houses. Coming in by train one has a view of the lake and poorer part of the city, if it is not obstructed by freight cars and train loads of hogs and cattle. This sort of an outlook is but a poor advertisement for a city which, away from the railroad track, is so attractive. A steel viaduct would remedy this sort of thing as far as railway passengers are concerned, and a handsome park, water front and esplanade would make the city appear to advantage to those who come in by boat. Entering Montreal, one gets a much better idea of the place. The C. P. R. runs on an elevated track and lands one at an exceedingly handsome station almost in the centre of the city. The same applies almost as well to the Grand Trunk and as the majority of tourists go away with the first impression they have received more firmly fixed than any subsequent one, it can be seen how Toronto is placed at a disadvantage by such a comparison for no one any longer presumes to make comparisons between Toronto and any other Canadian city, but its great rival in the east. Torontonians would not think for a moment of removing to Montreal unless for extraordinary reasons, but they should try to beautify and make more attractive the city to which they are so much attached. DON.

The greatest man is he, who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God, is most unflinching.

Such is the force of envy and ill-nature that the failings of good men are more published to the world than their good deeds, and that one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues will with praise.



THE LOST BREAKFAST.

manicists? Not so, I assure you; but the vulgarity of the men of some novelists and the men who are around us every day is overpowering, crushing us with their rudeness. Both ill-bred men and women are perfectly real, much too real. When we take up a tale we want to close our eyes to the world around us, put out of hearing the oceans, rude noises of life, and revel in the ideal, if you will have it so. Monsieur, the little refined touches are so remarkably absent in Canada that it is refreshing to find them in a tale. Of course, we all know, some of us women only too well, that even gentlemen forget their duty to their wives, etc., but, for goodness' sake, let us not have this commonplace, dreary business introduced into everything we take up to read. When we are perhaps hoping to forget ourselves and our woes for a time, lo! the ugly monster—realism—crops up and we lay down the page, feeling that it were well, in a literary sense, to have lived in the days of Clarissa Harlowe. Ah, mon Dieu, why did you permit yourself to write this? 'A woman, God's noblest and purest creation, ceases to be an angel to a man when the mystery and sacredness which surround her cease to exist.' The way you put it has made me feel most keenly, because it is a man's real sentimentality, his soul unveiled, in cold and unsympathetic type, so bluntly, almost brutally, put. In other things, let me compliment you on your finesse, monsieur, I cannot on this. I want to be unbugged, if by that you mean preserving the beauties of life which we gather as we go along. God forbid that woman, anyway, should become realistic in the common acceptance of the word. It will be a bad day for men the day we lose the tender, romantic feelings which lighten and beautify our way through life. Leave us our illusions, for amongst them all truly man is the greatest."

A letter like this presents better than I could the side of the argument against realism, but I wish to call madam's attention to one very great error that she makes. She seems to think that if a man does not consider a woman an angel the woman has permanently lost something; that her condition has been necessarily made more miserable, and in fact that a man cannot love a woman unless he thinks her an angel. This is not correct. I think the world would be better off if the angel-woman idea were abandoned. Men are not hunting for angel sweethearts and wives. They are not really expecting to find angels

"Methodists of the Methodists"—as Paul, before he had light let into his soul, was a Pharisee of the Pharisees. It seems to me that an outfit of this sort has undertaken to glorify themselves in the Methodist Church by declaring their belief that a Methodist university should be retained in the little town, where it has the entire swing and where the atmosphere can be so thoroughly permeated with the Methodist microbes and protoplasm, as to make it impossible for a student to be anything but a Methodist, and where there are chances of his becoming laced up before and behind so tightly that his circulatory system can not imbibe a whiff of anything but Methodism. If any of these gentlemen who have been so noisy and offensive to public-spirited people, while opposing college federation, could point out of what advantage it is for a man to become an entirely a sectarian that he has no soul left worth saving, it would partially exonerate them from the charge of being religious demagogues. But it seems that many of these would-be leaders of Methodist opinion would rather beat pans and play penny whistles in the market place than go about doing good and extending the idea that good citizenship is the basis upon which churches must be founded. The people either know, or are learning, that it is necessary to adhere to the principle which makes it necessary for every man who is valuable to the community as a citizen to esteem the honor and opportunities of being so developed that no matter what church he is in, his humanity, his patriotism and his breadth of soul shall prevent him from becoming a spectacle at which the ungodly may point their finger.

Protestantism is endeavoring in this new world to prove to Roman Catholicism that the principles which it teaches can endure criticism, and are not endangered by contact with

if the Anglicans feel that they are losing their supremacy unless they get the soft material moulded into Anglican forms, before it is thrown into the oven of controversy, we cannot blame our Catholic fellow-citizens if they go a step farther and demand that the children of this province, whose parents believe in the ancient church, shall be given into the hands of church teachers while yet they are babes. If there is anything in the idea that Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, etc., must have their special doctrines poured into the youth of this country, the strength of the Catholic position is made indisputable. If, on the other hand, it is safer to leave the religious education of the boy, the youth and the young man to his parents and spiritual advisers while he is studying his a, b, c's and pursuing his university course, then it becomes absurd for the denominations to isolate themselves and injure the possibilities of a state university in order to build up an outfit of one-house colleges which have neither the means to equip a proper institution nor the learning and the breath of view which shall make them worthy of support. This country has so long been torn by sectarianism in education and everything else that the citizens are becoming tired of the conflict and are learning to despise those whose interests are so distinctly the cause of their opposition to a broad and patriotic university system. If Methodism desires to be listed in the public estimation with Roman Catholicism, if its parsons are anxious for the hour when its name will be a synonym for overbearing priestcraft and social seclusion they are going the right way about it by making a fight for separate schools and all the littleness and prejudice which that sort of thing is sure to cultivate.

It is rather an astonishing thing to find that



## Social and Personal.

I must crave the indulgence of many kind friends who sometimes furnish me with social items which I cannot make use of. The printer's iron frame is unyielding, and often forces me to throw out most interesting matter which I should be only too glad to make use of, if I could.

The promenade concert given by the Victoria Club at their handsome quarters, Huron street, on the evening of Friday October 25, was in every way a success. It was under the patronage of Sir Alexander and Miss Majorie Campbell. The programme consisted of a promenade concert from 8 to 9.30, then dancing until twelve, to the music of Queen's Own Band. The decorations were pleasing; the supper well-appointed. At present the members' roll of the club shows four hundred names, and with such luxurious rooms should have a bright future before it.

The guests were:—Miss Campbell, Miss Sweetman, Mrs. Dobell, Miss Dobell of Quebec, Mrs. Meyrick Banks, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. W. G. Wyld, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. W. B. McMurich, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Fred Moffatt, Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Miss Schreiber of Ottawa, Mrs. Geddes, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Miss May Walker, Miss Maud Yarker, the Misses Henderson, Miss Macfarlane, Miss Kate Merritt, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Shanly, Miss Christie, the Misses Denison, Mrs. R. Northcote, Mrs. Foy, His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Lieut. Colonel G. T. Denison, Mr. A. Morgan Cosby, Captain Geddes, Mr. Wyld, Mr. W. B. McMurich, Mr. David Walker, Mr. John Wright, Mr. Fred Moffatt, Mr. J. D. Henderson, Mr. Henry Duggan, Dr. Nattress, Dr. Sprague, and Messrs. C. L. Shanly, R. Fox, A. Foy, Mayne Campbell, Bertie Cawthra, Percy Hodgins, S. Alfred Jones, Gordon Jones, R. Moffatt, Stewart Morrison, Reginald Northcote, Mowat.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the managers and friends of the Infants' Home took place on Saturday last in the board-room of that institution. The officers for the ensuing year were elected.

On Tuesday took place one of the most brilliant weddings that it has ever been my lot to witness in Toronto. For many reasons the widest interest was taken in the union of Miss Mabel Heward to Lieutenant Williams of the Royal Engineers. The bride was the only daughter of one of the oldest Toronto families. But few of our hostesses are as popular or as widely known as Mrs. Stephen Heward, the mother of the bride, while the lady, who was the cynosure of so many hundred eyes on Tuesday, has, since her return from England, nearly three years ago, been one of the brightest adornments of Toronto society. Mr. Williams, whom I notice the daily press has prematurely promoted to a company, spent the greater part of last winter in town, and both as the betrothed of Miss Heward, and on his own account, was a personage of great interest to society. All who saw Mr. Williams in his handsome engineer uniform on Tuesday will admit that the rumors concerning one of his qualities, which had forerun his first appearance here, were not exaggerated. As two o'clock, the hour of the ceremony on the eventful day approached, a very large concourse of people filled every nook and corner of the cathedral, except the seats reserved for invited guests, while these latter were kept empty only through the efforts of several police and a group of able-bodied ushers.

The chancel was beautifully decorated with a wealth of white flowers and tropical plants. From my place, some distance down the aisle, the chancel appeared rather gloomy, while the white surplices of the officiating clergy, the shimmer of the bride's beautiful white satin, and the brilliant scarlet of Mr. Williams' uniform, were all thrown into brilliant relief against the blackness surrounding the communion table. So great was the anxiety of many of the hundreds occupying pews on the side aisles to get a glimpse of the little group at the altar, that seats were freely used as standing places, and little attention was shown to the forms of the beautiful service.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Du Moulin, assisted by Rev. J. D. Cayley. Misses Walker, Heward, McInnis and Grace Boulton attended the bride. Mr. Stephen Heward was groomsmen, and Messrs. Dickson, Shanly, Hume Blake and Arthur Murray officiated as ushers. The altar was tastefully banked with palms, ferns, foliage plants and chrysanthemums, supplied by Mr. Slight. The musical service was arranged especially for the occasion and was under the direction of Mr. Percy W. Mitchell of Brussels. The bride's elegant toilette was white satin, draped with crepe de chine, and trimmed with wreaths of myrtle. Her veil flowing over the full court train was caught with diamond stars, and sprays of myrtle were twined in her hair. The large bouquet she carried was of orchids—heliotrope and faint yellow shades mingled with white. The attending bridesmaids' gowns were of eau de Nile satin trimmed with white crepe de chine. The veils were fastened with half-wreaths of scarlet bouvardil, and each wore a bracelet set with a moonstone and diamonds—a souvenir of the occasion, presented by the groom.

The procession down the aisle, at the close of the ceremony, was perhaps a little hurried, but a very pretty sight. Outside, the fine chime of bells was pealing their merriest, and to their music the last of the seemingly endless line of carriages, finally took up its load. The guests followed the bridal party to Mrs. Stephen Heward's house on Peter street, and until half-past four, when Mr. and Mrs. Williams left for the station, merriment, criticism and congratulations had full swing. The number of invitations had been rigorously kept down, and the one hundred and fifty guests were sufficient to fill the charming old house without any discomfort through overcrowding. There were no speeches or formal toasts, but many a sparkling glass was quaffed in honor of both bride and groom. At 4.30 the

happy pair set forth under showers of rice as thick as hail. A short honeymoon is to be spent at the Falls and elsewhere, and ten days hence the City of Paris will bear the newly-wedded pair to England to their future home at Aldershot, where Mr. Williams is at present stationed.

One of the many presents from the bride's mother will be of great delight to them on the Atlantic. A complete suite of rooms, drawing-room, dining room, etc., all to themselves on the City of Paris.

The following guests were present: Sir Thomas Galt, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Blake, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake, Miss Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Miss Brough, Mrs. John Boulton, the Misses Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Biggar, Mr. G. Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Baldwin, Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cayley, Mr. E. Cayley, Miss Cayley, Mr. Hume Cronyn, Mr. B. Cronyn, Miss Cosens, Sir Alexander Campbell, Miss Majorie Campbell, Mr. J. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. E. Campbell, Mrs. H. Cameron, Mr. K. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, Miss Crooks, Miss Cartwright, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. Darling, Canon and Mrs. Du Moulin, Miss Du Moulin, Mr. Du Moulin, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Col. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. H. Gamble, Col. and Mrs. Grasset, Mr. and Mrs. A. Grasset, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Mr. and Mrs. G. Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Capt. and Mrs. Grant, the Misses Greene, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Heath, the Misses Heward, the Messrs. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, Mr. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Heine, Mrs. Heineman, Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hagarty, Mr. O. Howland, Mrs. E. C. Jones, the Messrs. Jones, Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Le Froy, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. H. D. Mitchell, Mr. A. Macdonnell, Mr. MacInnis, Miss MacInnis, Mr. and Mrs. E. Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Huson Murray, Mr. and Mrs. C. Murray, Mr. A. Murray, the Misses Murray, Mr. Magrath, the Misses McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. and Miss Nanton, Col. and Mrs. Newbigging, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Robinson, the Messrs. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ridout, Sir John and Lady Robinson, Miss Robinson, the Messrs. Small, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. J. Strachan, the Messrs. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. St. George, Mrs. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Col. and Mrs. Sweeney, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. and Mrs. Vankoune, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Misses Yarker, Mrs. Winn, Mr. and Mrs. Wrong, Mr. Clark-on Jones, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. Ogden Jones, Mr. Fox, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thomas, Mrs. C. Scadding, Mr. and Miss Dobell, Messrs. Campbell, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Pattison, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bethune, Miss Bethune, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Harris, Miss Carmichael, Miss Schreiber, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss C. Walker, Mr. C. Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith.

Among the almost numberless gifts there were noticed:—Bracelet of pearls and diamonds, Gen. Williams, father of the groom; pearl necklace and pendant, Mr. McInnis and family; gold brooch, Mr. Hume Cronyn; pearl bracelet, Rev. A. D. Hutton; gold brooch, the Misses Hutton; jewel case in old silver and gilt, Sir D. and Lady Macpherson; centerpiece in old silver and gilt, Mr. Homer Dixon; set of Crown Derby China, Mr. Alexander Macdonald; clock, Mr. Frank Joseph; travelling clock, Mrs. Winn; silver tea service, bride's brothers; water-color drawing of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr; Japanese vase, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Robinson; fur sleighing robe, Mr. Fox; vases of Doulton, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson; silver patchbox, Mrs. Cassels; silver jewel casket, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy; antique silver spoon, Mrs. Edward Jones; silver gilt sugar after, Mrs. Nicol; six silver tea spoons, Mrs. E. Wilkie; China tea set, Mrs. Strachan; coffee spoons, Mrs. Cayley; worked photograph frame, Mrs. Edmunds; tea cosies, Miss Campbell, Miss Yarker, Miss Edith McKenzie; China candelabra, Mrs. Fitzgibbon; Dresden China vase, Miss Dawson; framed fancy photograph of the bride, Mr. Fraser Dixon; photo etching, the Misses Williams; five gold pins, each bearing a letter of the bride's Christian name, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon; bracelet, Mrs. Maguire; cheques, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. O. Heward, Chief Justice Hagarty, Miss McLean; case containing silver glove-stretchers and shoe horn, also fine Morocco card case with watch set in, Mrs. Nordheimer; silver glove-stretcher, Mrs. Hutton; China vase, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Todd; silver muffineers, Mr. B. Cronyn; silver cream jug, Mr. Shanly; silver scent bottle, Mr. Nanton; oxidized silver water jug and gong, Mr. and Mrs. Hine; silver candelabra, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake. There were a great many pieces of handsomely-wrought fancy work and several articles of cut glass of fine quality.

Sherbourne street Church was filled on Wednesday evening, October 23, with an expectant company which had gathered to witness the marriage of Mr. Geoffrey E. Hansford to Miss Frankie Henderson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Hansford, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. Dr. Stafford and Professor Rayner. The wedding party looked very pretty at the altar. The bride's dress was white faille, and she wore a veil with natural flowers and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids' toilettes were white and pink, and they wore pink roses in their hair. Two little pink robed maids of honor followed the party down the aisle, while the organ rolled out its congratulations and whispered comments and good wishes followed the hush which the solemnity of the service had induced. The guests were: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hansford of Morrisburg, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stafford, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dewar, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Briggs, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Reynold of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. John Donagh, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fudger, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hillock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilmott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Doane, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Aikenhead, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Scoley, Miss Scoley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Tove, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Shaw, Dr. T. Henderson, Mr. R. H. Henderson, the Misses Richardson, Miss Bella Christo and Miss Kate Bellamy of Fiesherston, Miss Bellamy, Mr. W. C. Braden, Mr. Geo. Shipman of Cannington, Mr. Joseph Reynard of Three Rivers, Que., Miss Bird Hansford of Morrisburg, Miss Spink, Mr. Wesley Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sykes.

Miss Alexander's recital, which takes place on the evening of Nov. 4, comprises a programme of entirely new selections. She has

been engaged to give a recital in New York by the Manhattan Athletic Club on Dec. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Sullivan returned last week from Washington. Mr. Sullivan's health has been much improved by the delightful climate, and he and Mrs. Sullivan had the honor of being presented to President Harrison.

Miss Birdie McKeown, a Toronto young lady, who has been studying at the Conservatory of Music in Boston, sang recently at a reception given in that city. She was received with much favor, and her teacher Mr. Lyman Wheeler writes that he is proud of her rapid progress. Miss McKeown is also an accomplished pianist.

Out of Town.

Dr. A. Willis left on Monday for Gananoque en route for London, England. He expects to leave by the Oregon or Toronto, and will be absent about a year. The good wishes of his many friends in Belleville go with him.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips took a trip to Toronto last week. Mrs. Phillips remained some days.

Rev. Mr. Pole has returned to the city. St. Thomas' Church Literary and Musical Association held a meeting on Monday evening to prepare a series of entertainments for the coming winter.

The Grand Opera House.

The attraction at this house for the coming week will be Rice's Evangeline. This popular burlesque is well enough known in Toronto to ensure its success. The company comes well recommended, and numbers among its principals some well known and popular artists of the burlesque and comic opera stage. The tableaux and scenic effects are highly spoken of, and lovers of spectacle may safely expect to see an excellent show.

Miss Nora Clench.

I went to Hamilton on Wednesday to attend Miss Clench's Canadian recital on that evening. I found the Grand Opera House crowded with a really brilliant audience, which showed, by every means within their power, their approbation of the young debutante. Miss Clench's playing was a most pleasant surprise to me. She has a fine, large tone, rich in sympathy, and she has a wonderful executive facility, which enables her to play the most difficult music with ease and grace. And she has, what is a charming, unconscious manner, which adds to the beauty of her performance. All of which go to make up a little artist that Canada may well be proud of. METRONOME.

The Unkindest Cut.

"Why is summer like pride?" inquired Clara Herself of George Himself as he strolled about the moonlit lawn.

"I cannot answer, love. Why?"

"Because it goeth before a fall," she answered laughingly.

"We had better go in now," was all the young man said, as a deep sigh escaped between his set teeth.—St. Joseph News.

ELOCUTION TAUGHT

Twenty Lessons \$3—Evenings

Music \$2 monthly—24 Lessons Quarterly

55 GOLD STREET

AN EXPERIENCED TUTOR—English

Public School man. Prepares boys for entrance scholarships at the English Public Schools; also for University Matriculation. Address: TUTOR, care SATURDAY NIGHT

REFERENCES—The Lord Bishop of Toronto, Sir Daniel Wilson, the Provost of Trinity, Elmes Henderson, Esq., Dr. Temple, Mr. Justice Street

DON'T MISS THE BROWN FAMILY (JUBILEE SINGERS) Shaftesbury Hall, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6th. Miss A. H. Brown, organist. Reserved Seats, 25 cents. Concert at 8 p.m. sharp

HAREM

(Not the Sultan's)

CIGARETTES

YILDIZ

CIGARETTES

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes

IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

## M'KEOWN &amp; COMPANY

Commencing This (Saturday) Morning

A GREAT

Clearing-Out Sale of the Balance of Three Bankrupt Stocks

BEING

THE WINTER PORTION OF HUSBAND & CO.'S STOCK

THE WINTER PORTION OF CHAS. MORTON & CO.'S STOCK

THE BALANCE OF THE ATRADOME STOCK

Never in the history of the Dry Goods trade have you seen such a slaughter in Mantles, Black Dress Goods, Colored Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Sealettes, Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Underwear, &c., as you will see at this Gigantic Slaughter Sale. These goods must go at once.

Come early in forenoon and avoid afternoon rush.

M'KEOWN & COMPANY

182 YONGE STREET

## LATEST WALTZES

FOR YOU—on Sydney Smith's Song....(May Ostlere) 60s  
FIDDLE AND I—on Goode's Song....(Otto Roeder) 60s  
MIA BELLA.....(Otto Roeder) 60s  
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.....(Theo. Bonheur) 60s  
LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM (250,000 sold) 75c

For Sale by all Music Dealers, or o.

EDWIN ASHDOWN

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,  
13 Richmond Street West.

## FOR AN

Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

E. BEETON

High Grade Watch Specialist

Opposite Post Office

WINTER TOURS

Bermuda Nassau Havana  
Cuba Mexico West Indies, &c.

For information as to Sallings, Rates, Pamphlets, & apply to

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

79 Yonge Street Toronto.

Bilton Bros

TAILORS AND FURNISHERS

Direct special attention to their stock of

Fine Natural Wool

SCOTCH L. WOOL

AND

MERINO UNDERWEAR

Also to a fine lot of

CASHMERE and MERINO HALF HOSE

Superior Goods at Moderate Prices

69 KING ST. WEST

THE

RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS

OF

CIGARS

MUNGO - - - 5c.

CAB E - - - 5c.

EL PADRE - - 10c.

AND

MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.

THE SAFEST SMOKE.

THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.

NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.

THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST

Having now returned from New York, is prepared to show a large and choice assortment of

MILLINERY NOVELTIES,

NEW VEILINGS, Etc.

Special attention has been given to the Dressmaking Department, which is complete with a select stock of Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings.

MISS E. & H. JOHNSTON

122 KING STREET WEST,

OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,

Miss Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of

Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings

DISPLAY OF

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS

These goods are now being opened.

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING

Ever offered in the Dominion for \$20. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

TRADE MARK

W. F. ROSS & CO

ROOM 1,

55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss-American

WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail



## Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLY.—What a number of brocades are worn. The wedding gowns, the evening dresses, the visiting toilettes, all have brocaded goods in combination. Such exquisitely dainty fabrics they are too—not the time-worn patterns of impossible roses and improbable leaves, but fanciful creations in raised velvet on satin grounds. A plain silk is rendered elegant by the addition of this rich fabric. Faced cloth becomes dressy when made up in combination; and for evening wear the delicate tulle, lace and muslin are rendered more ethereal in contrast with the decidedly self asserting brocade. A silk rejoicing in the French name, mousseline-de-chiffon, is a new fabric. In plain English it is a silk muslin slightly craped, and it drapes beautifully. Since the style of waist garniture is principally draping now, goods which will allow such liberties to be taken with them, are essentially popular.

A glove which finds a great deal of favor for street wear in the day time, is the sac glove. It fits, loosely on the wrist, of necessity, for there are no buttons. It comes in heavy suede leather, also in tan and gray kid. The absence of fastening is certainly a benefit. Gloves so quickly grow shabby around the button-holes—not to mention the buttons which have such provoking ways of suddenly disclaiming all connection with the most important buttonhole, that one welcomes the sac glove with a sigh of relief.

Dame Fashion does not hesitate to lay down fixed rules with regard to the color of gloves, and the most important New York journal states without reserve: "White with white; black with black; gray with gray; and tan with every color."

Small bonnets will be worn for evening, and surely the theatre and concert-going public will feel like singing the doxology when they are positively certain that the prediction has grown into a fact. Why won't all the women, or why won't some of them, resolve to remove their head-covering at every concert and entertainment, where a view of the stage is desirable? One can't see through bonnets, and a tuft of feathers or a bunch of flowers planted in my line of vision, rouses millions of wicked and revengeful spirits which were erstwhile slumbering. I speak merely of feathers and blossoms, and make no mention of velvet towers which any woman, with any regard for the comfort of others, should refuse to wear under any consideration. Men remove their hats—why can't we? Nineteen women out of twenty-one, look better without a bonnet, so if it's for appearance sake, we are on what boys call the "wrong track."

It's no use, my dear; I dare not say another word on that subject, or you'll not hear of all the pretty things I've seen this week. But, Molly, just a moment—don't wear a vision obstructor, and if you do, wear it on your lap all the time the play, concert or lecture is in progress.

A pretty buffet-cloth is made of butcher's linen, mottled or scrim. So far it is very ordinary, but the decoration is a work of art. It is nothing less than drawn work, so caught and twisted and tacked as to resemble antique lace. The work is described as "interesting" and easily accomplished after a study of the lace intended to be reproduced.

Collars and cuffs of finest linen are again pronounced "the style," and certainly they are neat. Of course they are refined and ladylike, but oh, Molly, they're stiff, and they won't stay pinned. There's one comfort, though—we can wear cuff buttons and studs; and they are really pretty now. Some are gemmed, some plain gold or silver. For my part I prefer plain ones, and would rather dispense with the stones and put their price into the gold or silver.

I saw such a dainty little perfume bottle the other day. The shape of it is the old style of vase, with a long, slim neck and circular bowl. It was of fine white porcelain with a pretty gilt pattern, and the solid silver cap was attached to the neck by a slender chain. It is quite the daintiest little affair I have seen for a long time. Such pretty slippers and shoes are now shown that one longs for a pair to match each house-gown, and a fender on which to perch the cunningly fashioned and fancifully decorated foot-gear. Low slippers are embroidered in steel, silver, jet and gold beads. Others have vamps of patent leather, while the rest of the shoe matches the dress in color. The material may be velvet, kid, felt or satin. One style ties on the instep with ribbon the same shade as the upper. Speaking of shoes though, the kind which fills one's soul with gentle thoughts for the world in general, is the bed-room slipper of crocheted work. The elder-down sole, the woolly surface, the delightful sense of having cheated the floor out of its chilling prerogative, make one feel good-humored even if the street-cars do persist in rumbling and dinging just when one wants to have an extra "forty winks." By all means admire the dainty exhibitions of the shoemaker's art, but don't pin your chances of solid comfort to anything so likely to be beautiful at the expense of warmth. I don't suppose you would want to use French kid slippers for bed-room ones, but get the last mentioned ones first, that's all.

To-day I noticed a piece of dress goods which claimed my admiration at first sight. Its color was grayish blue, with an uneven warp-thread of white coming into notice now and again. It was coarse in texture, and for a street dress that qualification is a good one, as dust and mud can be removed with such ease. Recollections of several chilly morning half-hours spent in a partly-unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the mud from the drapery of a Henrietta cloth dress, enable me to speak with feeling and experience on this subject. Yours sincerely,

CLIP CAREW.

## They Bolted a Farmer.

"Three tramps, headed for Detroit, came along to my place the other day," said a Wayne County farmer yesterday, "and as I was busy cutting corn, and in a hurry to get the work over, I asked them if they wanted a job. They begged and begged for a while and then agreed to take hold at a dollar a day, providing I would give them a lunch to begin on. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and I brought out a lunch and they sat down in the field to eat it. I've seen tramps before, and while they were eating I had one of my boys turn out my three dogs and post them where they might do the most good."

"After eating their lunch, the tramps cast their eyes around to see where I was, and as I had my back turned to them they bolted for the highway. I didn't say a word, but the dogs tumbled to the trick and were on hand."

"Did they bite 'em?" was asked.

"Isn't that what dogs are for?" he innocently replied. "I guess they bit 'em. I heard a good deal of yelling and whooping for the police, but the police didn't show up. When I went over to investigate the tramps were half a mile down the road, running for victory or death, while each dog was playing with a bundle made up of coat-tails and trower-legs. Maybe them tramps got ahead of me, but if you happen to meet 'em, just ask 'em if they think they did."

—Detroit Free Press.

## For Business.

In the matter of the workaday dress fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other and more ornate occasions. And yet it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed, shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. The necessity for this is apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparel merely conforms to a fixed model upon one occasion while plainly violating the ordinances of good taste when thrown more upon his own resources by the freer choice permitted. Thus it will be seen that the selection of the business suit is quite as momentous a task as the procurement of the evening attire.

Man wants but little here below  
And wants that little good.

He will find it in a handsome business suit selected from the choice fabrics of Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, Rossin House Block.

## NATURAL WOOL

The most important feature of Natural Wool Underwear is its softness and beautiful appearance. This is due to the fact that it is made from the finest and purest Natural Wools, absolutely free from dye, making it practically unshrinkable (see our washing directions). The Undershirts are double-breasted and ribbed skirts. The Trowsers are spliced in seat with silk, making them durable, and the bands are fine sateen cloth, so as to fit snug. All weights and sizes.

## WHEATON &amp; CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

## TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI  
CORSET  
YATISI

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

## Crompton Corset Co'y

Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion



## STOVEL &amp; CO.

LADIES' TAILORS

COSTUME AND HABIT MAKEUP

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

**TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE**

SPECIAL MASTER IN EACH DEPARTMENT

FALL TERM RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 2.

For circulars address J. M. Crowley, Proprietor and Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada.

## LEADING LINES

## ROSENBAUM'S BAZAAR

159 King Street East—the Market

Large cabinet frames, 25c.; school bags, 25c.; plush satchels, 25c.; swinging clubs, 25c.; infants' baskets, 25c.; salt and pepper sets, 15c.; and 25,000 other articles in the same proportion. Special just received for the Christmas trade, 131 body dolls, with liquo heads, shoes, stockings, gloves and dress, only 25c.

## Armstrong &amp; Stone

MAKERS A SPECIALTY OF IMPORTING ELEGANT

## MILLINERY

One of the firm go to London every season and make personal selection from the cheapest and best market in the world for Dry Goods.

## Fine Dress Goods at Low Prices

212 Yonge Street

## THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

For Manufacturing New Designs in Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches  
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

## Pike's Piano Polish

Old Furniture made new without labor by the use of

P. P. P.

Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.

## A Trial Is Sufficient To Establish Its Merits

## Bingham's Pharmacy

100 Yonge Street, Toronto

## WINE DEPARTMENT

Canadian Ales and Porter  
Imported Lager Beer  
Canadian Whiskies  
Imported Brandy  
Imported Gin  
Domestic Soda Water  
Imported Soda Water  
Domestic " "  
St. Leon Water  
Rothschilds " "  
Apollinaris Water  
Holland and Tom Gin

Native Wines  
Port  
Sherry  
Tarragona Wines  
Madeira  
Coca  
Ginger  
Santonio  
Charles-Best Brands  
Liqueurs  
Bitters  
Cordials  
Rum  
Champagnes, &c., &c.

## SHAVERS' WINE VAULTS

No. 4 Louisa Street, cor. Yonge

Telephone 1850

(N.B.—All goods warranted as represented.)

## ABOVE ALL THINGS

## Do Not Buy Inferior Hair Goods

It only results in trouble and annoyance. New York wholesalers are palming off a common class of manufactured Hair Goods. They look nice enough in glass cases, but give them a couple of days' wear and see the useless mass they will turn into. If you must have a cheap class of goods then, rather get them of a cheaper manufacturer, but avoid buying a poor quality of hair. Don't be in a hurry to buy. See all others and examine Dorenwend's; and if you don't think that you can get better value for your money at the Paris Hair Works you can have the goods for nothing. Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches, &c., &c.

A. DORENWEID, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

## A. E. FAWCETT

Successor to C. Sheppard

## CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

67 King Street West

Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 73

## ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

407 Yonge Street 407

## HAIR GOODS

All styles of ready-made Coiffures, Frontpieces, Fringes, Pompadour Fronts, Waves, half Wigs, entire Wigs, for Ladies and Gentlemen, always on hand or made to order on shortest notice. Best quality and best finish.

Hair-dressing for Balls, Soirees, Theater, Photos, etc.

Hair Trimming, Singeing and Shampooing

## HAIR DYEING

and Restoring to its Original Color, in ten different shades. Price per bottle \$1.50 and \$3.00. Extract of Walnuts.

Sole Agency for Canada Wholesale and Retail

## ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

407 Yonge Street 407

TORONTO, ONT.

**Fred. Armstrong**  
Plumber & Gasfitter  
235 Queen St. West

**The Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.**

The first High Arm, the first Cylinder Shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Feed, the first Self Setting Needle, the first Loose Pulley, the first Under Blader

E. C. WILLIAMSON  
477 Queen St. West

## EARLY FALL GOODS

## W. A. MURRAY &amp; CO.

Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Closures, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.

Early inspection invited by

## W. A. MURRAY &amp; CO.

17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO



## FURS! FURS!

## JAMES HARRIS &amp; CO.

99 Yonge Street

Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS and MUFFS in BEAR and all fashionable furs.

## Our Large Full Black Boas

at \$15 are the best ever offered in the city at the price.

## Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets

ARE OUR SPECIALTY

We guarantee a PERFECT FIT, and use only the best material in their manufacture.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

## JAMES HARRIS &amp; CO.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

## "HAPPY THOUGHT" RANGES



Will burn for months without rekindling, and save at least one-third of the fuel ordinarily used. Even will bake perfectly at any time of the day.

Over 30,000 now in use in Canada.

Every range guaranteed to give satisfaction.

## C. S. M'DONALD &amp; CO.

187 Yonge Street

## X GREAT DRIVES COMBINATION DRESS GOODS

## H. S. MORISON &amp; CO., 218 Yonge Street

Having purchased for cash at 50c. on the \$ the following lines, which we sell at the undermentioned prices:

100 All-wool Bordered Costumes at \$4, cheap at \$8.  
100 All-wool Bordered Costumes at \$5, cheap at \$10.  
125 " Broche Combinations at \$4.75, worth \$10

100 All-wool Broche Combinations at \$6, unequalled in the trade at \$12.50.  
50 pieces 45-in. Heavy All-wool Amazon Cloth at 50c.  
50 pieces 45-in. Heavy All-wool Cashmere at 50c.

100 pieces 45-in. Super. All-wool Henrietta Cloths

In 65 of the new leading shades, all with Buttons, Fringes and Trimmings to match.

OPENED UP TO-DAY—4 cases Novelties in Street Jackets, Misses' and Ladies' Ulsters, Wraps, &c.

X Mantle and Dressmaking Our Specialty X



LAST PART OF A THREE PART STORY.

## A WAYWARD CHARGE;

OR, SORE LET AND HINDERED

BY H. PAINE.

\* The following morning I arose, not without fear, lest my protegee might again raise some objection to our plan. His nervousness showed itself in his manner, but he seemed to be endeavoring to master his agitation, and if he had any of his old misgivings he had determined not to whine about them.

We left the house in a cab before many people were stirring, and reached Liverpool street station fifteen minutes before our train was due. There we stood for some time under the great glass roof, watching the people, mostly young men, streaming out past us to the London streets from different platforms as the trains came in. Presently left John, telling him to wait where he was till I returned from the ticket office, and he promised to do so. But when I presently returned with two tickets for Settling, I could see no John. At first, I was only a little annoyed; wondering how it was I overlooked him, and standing where we had parted I turned all round, scanning the changing groups.

I hastened, two steps at a time, to the ticket office again, looking for him. Then I thought of the waiting-rooms, returned, and hurriedly thrust my head into one after another, and scanned eagerly a few shabby individuals who looked up startled as I, with anxious face, broke in upon their rest.

Just as I dashed from the threshold of the waiting-rooms to the light and noise of the main building, my notice was caught by a glass door near me which was swinging noiselessly; it was that of the refreshment room. I turned to it its swing was given fresh impetus from within, and let out, almost into my arms, John Bryant. He was rather taken back; no doubt he would have liked to have composed his features before meeting me, for his eyes were brimming with water and his face was purple, as if his breath had been swept away in a flood of re-freshments and had not recovered itself. Then he had been drinking again! Well, it could not be undone now, and it was better than giving me the slip. What a weak fellow he was, needing continual watching to keep him to his resolutions!

I did not say a word, but handed him his ticket and hurried him off to the platform where our train was waiting. He had evidently made the most of his opportunities; his face was deeply flushed and I felt sure that the effects of the liquor he had drunk would be visible still more plainly later on. But I tried to hope for the best as I looked at him sorrowfully. He met my gaze with an unkindly expression which hurt me. He had never shown much gratitude for all I was doing for his good; I may say he had never shown a particle. I received thanks only from the grateful couple at Settling; yet he had never looked grateful.

To me the journey was a trying one. But in due time the train drew up and stopped at Settling. I looked out. A few passengers had jumped down on the platform, and all the other passengers had some time before disappeared. A porter in dark green corduroys with half their original number of brass buttons, came to take our tickets.

"Go and ask Mr. Bryant to come here," I asked him.

"Mr. Bryant," he repeated, "He's gone home."

"Gone!" I exclaimed, and hurried out to look for his horse and carriage. They had certainly disappeared. "Why, how is that?" I cried.

"He came to meet us. I telegraphed for him to do so."

Mr. Bryant had driven away only a few minutes ago; perhaps he concluded we had not arrived, said the porter, for we had been so long getting out.

I told the man that I must take my companion on to Mr. Bryant's. What means were there of going? Instead of giving me the information at once he expressed curiosity to know who John was, saying it seemed strange a man of his appearance should want to go to old Mr. Bryant's, of all places.

I ordered him to answer my question at once, so he said his people could have a fly or some conveyance ready for us within an hour. Thankful for this small mercy, I waited until the vehicle was driven up to the station, when I found that the driver was a countryman of the dullest nature, a fact that I afterward regretted.

We had four miles to go, and John soon looked better for his ride in the open air. It seemed now really for the best that his father had missed us at the station; yet when we reached home I feared his parents would certainly see that he had been drinking. I thought of the cowslip wine his mother was keeping for us. She would not press him to drink any more, I thought. Poor old lady!

Then an idea struck me! If only I could smuggle him into my room at the side of the house! The old couple might not see exactly what was wrong if they met him away from the bright daylight. I wondered if they would believe that the trembling of his hands was the effect of filial excitement.

It would be an innocent deception and a humane one to ward off sorrow from all parties concerned. I could not believe that I should be doing wrong to attempt it, and as I pondered I began to have considerable hope of succeeding.

There was only one obstacle which, though I could not cease to think of it, I saw no way of surmounting; that was the strong smell of spirits that hung upon John. I could not see what name I could give his illness to hinder his parents from embracing him and thus detecting it. I did not believe his mother would stand off even for something infectious.

Presently I saw the farm buildings and the poplar trees round the house when I looked ahead from the window. I felt sure that old Mr. Bryant must have been home some time before us. I hoped that one or both of the men who had started from the station with him were at his house, for if they were he and his wife would probably be busy entertaining them, and we should be the more likely to get to my room without being seen.

I stopped the driver and made him understand that I did not wish to disturb the Bryants by any sounds of our arrival. My scheme succeeded admirably, and in a few minutes John was safely smuggled into my room. I closed the door and made him lie down on the bed.

"Here you are, home again at last," I said, patting his pillow. "I feel proud of your success; we will have you married next. No more yielding to drink then; she will be firm about that. She has a strong face. It struck me directly I saw her. Don't you think so, John?"

He turned heavily on his bed.

"She won't have me now; it's no use talking about that. She will see what I am."

"No, I don't believe any one need know," I said. "I will tell them it's agitation you've got. It was agitation that made you drink, you know. Can't you trust me yet? You never look at the bright side of things."

"Then I wanted to know if he were ready for me to bring his father and mother, or would he be better if he had a nap first?"

He seemed very much that he would; why not wait, he asked, till he had a long sleep? He began to declare so positively that he would feel much better about evening, that I laughed to myself at his caprices. He would have made me conclude he was speaking from long experience of the effects of drink had I not been aware that it dated only from the previous day.

Yet I thought myself that rest would improve him; anyhow he would look better by candle light. Then the smell of spirits might be removed somehow before the evening, and I should have plenty of time to decide on the name of the attack from which he was suffering.

"Wait till night," he begged. "No one will know I'm here. You can lock the door and go to sleep too."

I thought to myself that it was hard I should have to stay in there without any thing to eat till night, for I had had no dinner; but I felt I could even stay hungry if it were better for him.

The driver was at the side door. I remembered I ought to hurry back and dismiss him so that he could leave with his conveyance before my one about the house came. So I told John to go to sleep, tucked the counterpane around him, shut him in the room, and went noiselessly to the outer door.

The driver had sat down on the steps. He was a dull fellow, as I said before, and did not know I had returned till I touched his shoulder. Then he rose slowly.

"Four shillings," he said, keeping his hand extended while I took out my purse to get the money.

I had not enough silver in my pockets, and in the purse I could find nothing less than a five-pound note. I held that out to him. He took it, gazed at it wonderingly, and looked at me. "I told him what it was worth."

"What?" he exclaimed. "Give you four pound, sixteen shillings? I ain't got a penny with me; beside, if I had—"

He turned over the note and stared at the other side doubtfully. Then he looked up, eyed me slowly up and down, and shook his head again.

I had been watching him with growing annoyance and anger.

"What do you mean by that?" I exclaimed. "I want to come to some settlement. I don't want you to fly to stand there all day; the Bryants will see it before long. What's wrong with you? Don't you think I am to be trusted with four shillings?"

"Naw!" he burst out. "I don't! I don't trust men as is so soaked of any one seen 'em; first at the station and now here!"

"If you won't trust me, I will you. Take the five pounds," I cried, indignantly. "I will get the change from you any time I go through Settling, and I held the note out to him grandly."

"Naw, naw," he said, backing from it. "How do I know that's good money? I want four shillings."

"For goodness sake, man, go!" I burst out. "I have no time to argue, even if you could understand. You can come here at any time and get it from Mr. Bryant. I suppose you know him well enough. You will trust him, I guess."

"Who?" he asked. "Mr. George Bryant?"

"Yes, yes," I answered. "Do you think he'll be willing to pay?"

"Well, that'll be all right then," said the man. "Why didn't you tell me so before. I'll call him now."

He saw me look bewildered and alarmed. I did not want Mr. Bryant to know of our arrival yet. John would be better later, and I had not completed my preparations for the meeting.

"I'd like to speak to him, anyhow," said the lout. "Seems to me he ought to know there's strangers gettin' in at the side door."

The fellow said it in a contemplative way, then left me on the steps and walked deliberately along the side of the house towards the front. He was going to find Mr. Bryant.

I ran after him. Mr. Bryant would have to know of our arrival now; there was no way to hinder it.

"Stop!" I said, plucking his sleeve. "Stop! I'm going to see Mr. Bryant myself. There's no need for you to go. I'll get your four shillings; just wait outside here."

"Oh, well, that's all right, then," he said. "Why didn't you say that first?"

It was very annoying that this trifling should mar the completeness of my plans; still I hoped it might have no bad result. I walked in at the front door, which stood open. One thought entered my mind as I stepped in; I should not, after all, have to wait till night before I had my dinner.

I paused in the hall and looked into the sitting room. There was a fire there, chairs arranged, and every sign of recent occupation; but the Bryants were gone.

I heard voices in the room opposite. Probably they had a visitor, as I had suspected before. I left the sitting room threshold and started across the brick paved hall. Before I reached the parlor door it was suddenly opened, and old Bryant, who had heard my steps, put his head out.

I advanced smilingly. Instead of responding to my greeting, he popped back into the room; the door closed, and I heard him speaking hurriedly with some one within. I was standing in perfect amazement at this reception, or lack of reception, when the door handle turned, and Mr. Bryant reappeared, behind him a tall man, with black whiskers, whom I had never seen before. I had not found a thought to explain this when they burst out, in a very excited manner, straight forward, as though they might be going to run over me.

The stranger grasped my arm.

"Where's the fellow that came with you?" he demanded.

Before I had time to know what he meant, old Mr. Bryant called out, without taking any notice of me,—

"I know! He's in the side room. Go on, now!" he cried, with a peremptory sign to me, and I was at a loss to understand anything except the command of his tone and manner, that I hurried before them down the hall.

I opened the door and passed into my room without a pause, for the couple were at my heels. John, at our sudden appearance, started up, and stared at me, with widely opened eyes, at the two men.

They did not enter, but stood together on the threshold; they took no heed of me, glared only at him, and then exchanged a questioning glance. I felt that something strange was going on, and tried vainly to understand what it meant.

Next, the tall, dark man drew the key from the inner side of the door, slipped it in the outer, and heaved the door open. I saw the situation, or spoken a single word, and I was locked in, and they were tramping away up the hall.

The first feeling that defined itself was a flash of indignation tingling through my veins at the treatment, and I fell to knocking, calling, and then kicking at the door. Pausing for breath, I noticed John beside me; he had left the bed, and stood with his trembling hand extended, as if he wanted to lay it on my arm.

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't!"

I saw in his attitude, and in his very feature, such cowardice that my anger turned

itself upon him. He was afraid of the stranger for he was whining.

"Don't call! Don't—you don't know who he is—that man!"

"Who is he?" I exclaimed scornfully, "what difference does it make, coward?"

He did not speak, but there was something in his dread that arrested my thoughts and said itself to me—

"Who is he?" I asked, turning from the door. "Who is he?"

"He is John Bryant!"

"John Bryant!" I exclaimed, drawing back and staring. "John Bryant? And who are you?"

"My name is Douglas-Edwin Farthing Douglas."

At first I wanted to say something, but before I was able to speak I lacked the desire. Presently I knew I felt worn out, and sank into a chair. It was useless to turn upon this fellow. What was old Mr. Bryant and his son—what were they going to do with the impostor? Why had they locked him up?—and me with him? They thought I was his accomplice! Yes, everybody very naturally would.

A vivid conception of another imprisonment to come sickened me. Surely they'd believe me when I told them I had credited to the fellow's tale, I sat for a long time silently struggling to escape my terrible thought—that they would not.

At last I went to the window; it was an old-fashioned affair; I threw back on its hinges the part which opened like a little door, and looked out along the side of the house. Then I called loudly for Mr. Bryant, called again and again, waiting between my calls; he did not answer and I began to fear that he never would.

He would not give me even a hearing; but presently, to my great relief, there slowly appeared from the front of the house the figure of his old wife, who stood still at the corner. I remembered her kind-heartedness, and how we had parted the day before.

"Mrs. Bryant! Mrs. Bryant!" I cried. "Tell your husband to come here a minute, please."

She appeared to hesitate.

"I must tell him something, dear Mrs. Bryant," I implored.

She turned the corner, and soon appeared again, bringing the old farmer. I knew she would not fail me. She stood at a distance to hear what went on, while he, with a disturbed face, came along the path to my window.

"Now," he began, "it's no use making any disturbance; the less noise you make the better it'll be for you. You're both locked in, and I doubt it; I assure you I've nothing to do with it. You must let me out. I had no idea, sir—"

"Tell all that to the policeman presently. They will let you go," I said, and to my dismay seemed about to go.

"Policeman!" I cried. "I have only just found out the truth—John—I mean—I forget his name—he has just told me who he is. Now do stop and listen! I met him on board the Polonia; he was with the same things—"

"I thought the farmer began to eye me wonderingly; my earnestness was making itself felt. He shook his head and looked questioningly toward his wife.

"What's he going to do?" I cried. "Tell me that. What did you mean by policeman? Are you going to call the policeman for me?"

He answered stoutly,—

"Yes."

I threw myself as far out as the narrow window frame would let me, and appealed to Mrs. Bryant this time.

"Mrs. Bryant, you will tell him to listen, I am sure."

"Now, George," she cried, "don't you know how he talked when he first came here? Didn't he try to pass for our boy himself? Answer me that. Are you going to be talked over by him?" Then she addressed me. "Ugh, you old sinner, you know it! You found it wouldn't do to bring another man in here, and lay him down, they tell me, with his muddy boots on my clean bed!"

That was the "dear old lady"! Motherly! Grateful! Oh, inconceivable! Monstrous! I had not a hope left, and knowing it, I subsided into the room again. The impostor was on the bed again; I sat down a long distance from him.

The suspense seemed endless. I heard the gate slam again and four or five men heavily tramping up the path, but it was only a band of farm laborers, for I heard their leader at the front door asking Mr. Bryant if they should come in, and they could make themselves useful. I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread to my door, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and ranging themselves about the passage.

I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread to my door, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and ranging themselves about the passage.

I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread to my door, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and ranging themselves about the passage.

I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread to my door, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and ranging themselves about the passage.

I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread to my door, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and ranging themselves about the passage.

I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread to my door, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and ranging themselves about the passage.

I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread to my door, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and ranging themselves about the passage.

I could not see the prisoners, were "anyways" obstreperous about going off.



## BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Eruptions on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THIS IS NO FICTION.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS,

taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion;

Disordered Liver;

THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the

ROSBUD OF HEALTH

the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

PREPARED ONLY BY

THOS. BEECHAM,

St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS &amp; SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

state of mind. I told them I had met him on the steamer and tried to help him. I had thoroughly believed his story. Once, though, I doubted it; then I had cabled to Bernard himself, and he had written a most flattering account of John Bryant. I believed his name was John Bryant.

"Stop a moment," said old Bryant. "Let the policeman sit down over there, and this fellow, too. The crowd outside's getting impatient. I'll tell them to go."

He opened the door. Among the foremost faces was the prepossessing one of Kitty Cowlet. He told her and the rest of them something of what had happened, at which they seemed disappointed, and all slowly departed.

After this Mr. Bernard began to explain. He had received my inquiry about John Bryant. He knew John had expected to be in England by that time, and he wrote supposing I had met him there. A few days later he was called suddenly to London himself on business, when, occupied with his preparations, he had been young Mr. Bryant, and joined him a little later on the voyage; he remembered being surprised to find John only just starting, but he was too busy to give a thought then to the inquiry he had received from me.

"But then," said I, "on the steamer he showed me a letter of introduction from you. What about that?"

"I can tell you all about that, sir," said the tall man in black—John Bryant. "This fellow, Douglas—that is his real name—stole it from me with a lot of others. We boarded at the same house in Reading. Three weeks ago he went off suddenly, owing the landlady about thirty dollars for board, and a pocketbook of mine disappeared with him. He knew I was preparing to visit my home in England, and that I had been saving money for it. I guess he thought he would find the money in the pocketbook, but there was very little in it besides letters. I thought he'd feel taken in when he found what he had; I never dreamed of his putting them to any use."

It delayed my start, though, for I tried to find him, but had to give it up, and determined to make my journey. I thought perhaps I should get some more letters of introduction, and so on, written. I went to Mr. Bernard, and found him just starting for London himself, and he was kind enough to say we could come together, so here we are, you see."

Upon this the impostor Douglas began to excuse himself; he seemed very much less fearful and timorous than he was before he was exposed. The impudent fellow tried to make it appear that he was not his fault that he was there. In his excuses he turned continually to me, asking if I could deny his unwillingness to come, and forced him to acknowledge that he had conceived the plan of personating John Bryant before I had even seen him, but next he declared he had soon grown undecided about it; he felt it was too risky a thing to attempt, but he had continually assured him that he would succeed.

He went on in this strain just as though I had not done what I had from the best of motives. I hoped as they listened they could all see what a false light he threw upon my acts; all of them, at least, except Mrs. Bryant; it was impossible to hope it of her, for she listened to his stories as though she were glad to hear them. Having previously made up her mind that I was a deceiver, she was most unwilling to change it; her husband seemed to have gone over to Mr. Bernard's side without having waited for her example, and that made her all the more obstinate.

She inquired sarcastically if both of us were to be turned loose; it didn't seem fair to keep the other in handcuffs. And when Bernard told her it was not only absurd but insulting to him to speak of me so, and her son tried to reason with her, she yielded around very grudgingly.

"I never will believe," she said, "that he's all he should be. I know a good deal about his carryings on. Something more than you do, sir."

All, including myself, looked inquiringly at her, and wondered what she could mean, but, though she wanted to tell, she waited till Bernard asked her to explain her words. "He came here to make a match for himself. Yes, you may well stare," she said to Bernard, "as his age! Why, sir, will you believe it? The first night, when I spoke about the girl that has the next farm—he hadn't been here three hours—he came to me in his lady's dress and began asking me whether she'd make a good wife, and everything about her; and do you know, the next morning, in spite of his hardly having time for his train, and he kept it secret from us where he was going, and hurried off across the fields to see her."

Bernard was hanging on every word of this nonsensical story; he seemed as if he could not keep serious, as though it were the best joke in the world, especially when he saw my indignation and confusion. Of course he could not believe it, but he would delight in having anything of that kind to tell, particularly about me.

"It's too plain what he wants her for," she continued. "He comes to me and finds out all about her savings, how much land she farms, and I don't know what all. Wants to know if she'll be a saving wife, manage without hiring any one in the house, and do her own milking. I never saw what he was driving at till next day."

"Kitty, eh? He chose a pretty name, anyhow," said Tom Bernard. "Where does she live, on the next farm? You must take me to see her, Mrs. Bryant. I wouldn't go back to America without knowing what she is like for anything."

Here the prisoner, who was sitting on the bed between the two policemen, made a sudden hoarse noise, a kind of laugh, drew the attention of all to him, and made them consider how he was to be disposed of. John Bryant said that if he were prosecuted, I should certainly be involved in the disgrace and publicity of it; and if he represented the facts as he had done, I might appear implicated in the crime too. I could not help seeing this. It was an embarrassing situation, for the Bryants as well as myself.

I determined to show mercy to the wretched Douglas as John Bryant had shown it to me. I would take him back with me to London, and try to induce him to lead a better life. Instead of being an impostor and a burden upon his race, he might be taught to be a useful member of society, perhaps, at last, a benefactor of his fellow creatures—a Philanthropist.

I broke an embarrassing silence and inquired if the fly was still at the gate, heard that it was, and rose to go to it, the man Douglas following me rather unsteadily.

As may be supposed, no one asked me to stay longer, though all, except Mrs. Bryant, came to the gate to see me go.

Tom Bernard, after we had entered the carriage, stood close to the window and delayed our start with his talk.

"It is too bad," he said, "your running away without Miss Kitty. I'm going to be jealous, and I'll tell you that. You must be jealous, I want to tell you know in Reading what your taste is. I know—I'll have her photographed."

I glared at him and shouted to the driver to start.

I was sorry afterward, considering what a service he had done just before, for being out of temper with Bernard; but I am sure I didn't hurt his feelings. I don't believe he has any feelings for he was laughing.

Douglas was in the corner of the carriage opposite me.

"You heard it!" I exclaimed. "Why couldn't you tell them the truth about the woman? Come, if you'll do it now I'll stop while you go back. She might marry you yet; I might be lucky."

He stared wonderingly at me; I thought he was speculating whether it were likely.

"She would marry you!" I said. "She is really well off, and then her influence, too, on your character."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I have seen her. I saw her in the hall. Influence on my character! Let me go to the dogs my own way in future!"

THE END.



## An Ideal.

BY TYNDALL GRAY.

For Saturday Night.

Seyton Synnot, Q.C., of Synnot & Davenport, sat in the library of his house and nibbled the feather of a quill pen.

Mr. Synnot was wont to say to an appreciative friend, that in many ways he, Synnot, lived in the past—an apology, may be, for the quill, an old-fashioned custom he still adhered to.

If, as he stated, he lived in the past, certainly at this moment of his life he seemed to give credence to his belief; for with the feather between his teeth he looked at the picture on the wall as if it were a picture of perfect abstraction.

The fire in the old-fashioned fire-place slowly waned—there was not much necessity for it, for the twilight followed daylight, and shadows—unbidden guests—looked possession of the room; yet the gray head still reclined against the back of the cushioned chair, and his occupant still dreamed over, and still held, the long closely-written letter in his hand.

At last the hand was slowly raised, and first the letter was set upon the table before him, and then the bell at his side was touched, a lamp was brought in, and the subdued light from beneath its reading shade revealed the dreamer.

A face full of refinement, and with a certain sadness that spoke through eyes and lips. Hair that was gray—nay! almost white, and in very striking contrast to the black mustache that fringed the lips.

A face that might have belonged when young to a student of art in any of its followings, and in which it was hard (even after the many years he had devoted to law) to recognize the greatest criminal lawyer of his colony.

Jurists loved to hang upon his words, and often were to be seen, open-mouthed, gaping, carried out of themselves by the passion of his eloquence, by his subtle knowledge of human feelings, and of nature.

No wretch that dreaded a judge dreaded applying to Seyton Synnot for counsel; his only faults, a careless disregard for book law, and a too great fondness for addressing a jury.

As he fingered the missive again, vestiges of the past he loved to dwell in rose up before him—those student days; that close little boarding-house; his fellow-student and boarder, Bert Neville—Bert, who had been his senior only by a few years, his superior only in point of wealth.

He himself was rich now, but what was the value of money to him!—at forty, a bachelor of regular habits, with no one to spend it on, or even to waste it on—what did he care for money now! When, as he muses to himself, he says: "At twenty I would have sold my soul to have the wealth I now possess."

The letter, however, is opened again, and sadly, with many pauses, it is read for the second or third time.

"Poor old fellow!" he comments, "so he had to call me 'dear old man,' even on his dying bed!"

"Dear old man," the reader began, in a low, sweet voice,—"By the time you are dreamily opening this letter of mine, in your old manner, I, your old friend, the old Bert Neville, will be beyond an answer."

"I write thus, for my instructions to my executor are to forward this letter to you, at my death."

Then the writer told of his great suffering; how he had long been expecting death; that his time had been allotted to him—so many days, no more; then writing of his daughter, the reader read, with moistened eyes:

"I know, my old friend, you will look after me—I know it if I need not speak of it—for have we not shared eighteen years sorrowing over the same sorrow? Have we not grieved together? Therefore, I feel sure—safe in trusting my letter to your care."

"Poor child," said the speaker, "I have been all she has had since her early childhood. And now—but enough of this. Dear friend, good bye! As there is a God in heaven, I shall hope to meet you again. Your friendship, and Etta's love, have been as sunlight on my darkened path. God grant that Etta may lighten your gloom, as she has brightened mine."

A few more passionate phrases and the letter closed, signed in a scribbling hand, "Bert Neville."

"Poor old Bert!" escaped from the lips of the reader, "cancer on the tongue! My God! what a horrible death! Poor old fellow! You were the one that gained everything—and yet, you lost as much! Which, after all of us two, has been the happier? You had happiness for a day, but when the sun went down you lived in twilight ever after. Whereas, on me the sun but rose to shine, for gloom was my inheritance before the sun went down. Bert! Bert! you are right; friendship and love are sunlight on the paths of men."

"Poor child," continued the speaker, "your life has been saddened, you have lost much that you loved. Yes! yes! I will do all I can, all I can—for such as you."

Then the head reclined once more, well back, in the arm chair, and the dreamer was once more back in the land of dreams; but two things had been decided—everything should be got ready for Etta, and he, himself, would go and meet her.

And so it happened, a few days later, on a bright September evening before the sky and the water had yet grown cold, while the many hues of warm tints that suffused the one in reflecting upon the miry surface of the other, seemed to warm the very depths of the latter by its own most gorgeous coloring, amid the gloaming of a day like this Seyton Synnot drove down through the crowded city to the station by the water's edge, to fulfill his self-made promise.

Lightly he stepped from the driving seat of his handsome wagonette and entered the station.

As he paced up and down the platform waiting for the express from New York, now stopping for a moment to exchange a few words with an acquaintance, now nodding in reply to the numerous nods directed towards him, the eminent Q. C. did not give the impression of a man passing by the shady side of forty.

The train, so long expected, at length arrived; the passengers descended and ascended, and yet no tall fair girl with blue eyes was to be seen.

"Plenty of blondes and many brunettes—pretty too!" thought the searcher, as he peered through the crowd at each one, but none could be Etta.

And so the Pullman car was gone through, and the now anxious lawyer argued with himself as to whether Etta could have lost the train or not; that perhaps he had better wait for the next train, and that Joe had better wait for the horses up; and so Joe was forthwith started for, but scarcely had he reached the outside of the station again and caught a view of his carriage, than with a sudden reel, Mr. Seyton Synnot fell in a dead faint into the arms of a porter who had noticed the shock and seen the start in time to catch the falling man.

The faint that Mr. Synnot had seemingly fallen into so deeply, proved but momentary and Etta's efforts were soon rewarded; the eyelids quivered, then the eyes opened, the lips moved, and Etta quickly anticipating the faint man's wants, put the flask of brandy she had with her to his lips.

A short pause, during which time color had again returned to the so lately pallid lips, and the temporary invalid apologized in a whisper, and then in answer to a carefully veiled inquiry, said, "Yes! I took you for your mother! We were great friends, you know, and I never saw her since she left here on her wedding day. But come, we must get home or Mrs. Grafton will eat my head off, and as she is my housekeeper the result might be disastrous to our dinner."

So the horses were again in use, and between the air and the pretty girl the driver was soon himself again; it was a long drive home, but to Etta everything was so new that she scarcely noticed the distance, or indeed the conversation.

tion and questions as to her voyage with which her driver favored her.

The fire of the old homestead of some bygone family, the home now of the popular Q. C., delighted her, and after having stroked the necks of the boys on alighting, she was ready to be introduced to Mrs. Grafton, widow, ruler of the Fir, who was standing, waiting for what to her meant a very important ordeal, both social and personal.

And now at last Etta was settled in her new home. Dinner was over, the piano, especially ordered for her, being tried, and once more Seyton Synnot, Q. C., sat in the library of his house dreaming.

This time, however, the past was undergoing the enactment of being buried, the future was being fast colored into glowing pictures, and in the centre of every picture one figure stood out. In years gone by, just such a one had been his day-dream, then his ideal, snatched from him by the decree of fate, or perhaps, as he had often thought in years since, his pride and poverty had been too close friends, and had in their confidence lost him his happiness between them. Perhaps it had been so—his fault—but now a glorious future rose up before him, intoxicating in its hopes; his ideal had returned to him, and he was free—free as the very air.

A look of great happiness and intense contentment stole over the enraptured dreamer's face.

The past was dead and forgotten, and thoughts, otherwise than of fame, strengthened the new-born motive in the mind of him who had so lately dwelt within the past.

For a time the dreamer of twilight dreams was left in silence, save for the ticking of the clock—the old-fashioned clock that filled the corner—and the falling of the ashes into the fire-place, till a clear, gentle rap at the door behind the curtains and a "May I come in?" broke like an awakening spell upon the monotonous.

"What! Thinking of saying 'good night!' Nonsense! It's but early yet, and you have not spoken to me of your voyage," and the pretty Etta was half-pushed, to be half buried, in the folds of the large arm chair the speaker had risen from when he opened the door.

Half-reluctantly, seemingly, Etta spoke of her trip and the hundred and one little things that happened to her on the way.

She felt tired, but when she noticed the interest she had aroused in her father's friend she chatted on brightly; and under the influence of a cross-questioning that was almost habitual, revealed to her examiner, who at first had been merely interested—then fascinated, three facts:

1. That she had enjoyed her voyage.  
2. That a young man had been cause of enjoyment.  
3. That young man in question had been a Mr. Davenport.

Soon the late witness in the cross examination found herself after having first of all tried to feel interested herself, trying to interest her cross-examiner, then to please him, to rob that smile of his of some of its sadness—a sadness that seemed to grow under her very eye—much she felt she would give to be able to call up one happy smile. But no, she could not, for when he rose in his chivalrous grace to hold the door apart for her to pass through, his look and words seemed but a part of melancholy, and he himself called back to her memory, with his courtly manner, and gentle way, ill-fated Charles, the martyr king.

"Good night," he murmured to himself, as he closed the door. "Ave! it is good-night for me, and ever will be. Yet I have promised to do all I can for this child, and by God's aid I will truly and justly do so."

"I, Seyton Synnot, make oath and say"—and as if to add solemnity to his self-declaration, he reverently picked a bible up from a shelf close by, and opening it, kissed its leaves—"Davenport, then, is to have her. He is a man after my own heart; I will not stand between them!"

Days rolled by, and George Davenport of Synnot & Davenport, junior partner of the great Queen's Counsel, became a constant visitor at the Fir. It was natural enough that it should be so, and the senior partner of the firm of barristers pressed his lips tighter, and talked cynically of his gray hair.

True, Etta had told him one day that loneliness always made a man cynical; but he had answered that lonely men had but two choices: sentiment or cynicism. That cynicism was the least painful of the two—to others, as well as to himself.

Then he had replied: "It is a clear choice between good and evil, for sentiment is surely good!" And the cynic had said, for his astute

## FLORENCE SILK MITTENS

The ENGRAVING shows latest style Mittens made from

**FLORENCE Knitting Silk**  
Lined throughout, wrist and back, with silk. They make a most durable and fashionable article for Ladies' wear.

Sent to any address on receipt of \$2. Colors—Black, navy blue and brown. Three other patterns, \$1.75, \$1.65, and \$1.50 each.

**FLORENCE HOME NEEDLE WORK 1889**  
Contains 96 pages, instructing you in Netting, Knitting, Tatting and Embroidery, each subject fully illustrated, sent by mail for 6 cents in stamps.

**CORNICELLI SILK CO.**

ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.

Pretty Hard on Them Feth.

Little Kitty (as Babbon and Crumley come in)—Oh, mamma! Ask his keeper to let him do some of those funny tricks he did in his cage at the park the other day.—*Judge*.

ness had told him the bitter end was not far off.

"Yes, dear," so low it was scarcely audible. "It is good, and it is the right of the young."

Again once more, the head of gray hair rests in the great arm chair; the gray eyes, so full of tenderness and light, were looking in all their strength, into the face of the fair, fair girl.

Her face was so happy, and her manner so bright; and her white teeth showed so prettily through her red lips, as she sat on the stool beside the lawyer's chair. And the sad, gray eyes seemed hungry in their look, as they asked at the same time as the tongue of the speaker:

"And you promised—to marry him?"  
And Etta, heedless in her pleasure, went on: "He told me he loved me so, and that he had seen I cared for him—"

"Then you accepted him?" pleaded the careworn enquirer.  
"No, I didn't! I didn't!"

"Then, what on earth—so you refused him?"  
"No, I didn't refuse him."

"Then, tell me, child, what you said, for mercy sake!"  
"Well"—And the fair face grew contemplative—"I told him, that—that I had only been flirting with him."

The hungry eyes grew calm, but in their calmness they told of an utter bewilderment and perplexity.

He had been mistaken in his ideal after all, and human nature was just as fickle as ever. So he mused; until, as he turned, he caught sight of the face beside him, and noting the subtle glamour of the eyes, which almost seemed to be blushing, as they turned towards his, his heart, which just the moment before had grown so still, now gave a great bound, and madly, passionately, beat within him, while a still voice whispered in its tenderest cadence from within his conscience—She is thine!

ness had told him the bitter end was not far off.

"Yes, dear," so low it was scarcely audible. "It is good, and it is the right of the young."

Again once more, the head of gray hair rests in the great arm chair; the gray eyes, so full of tenderness and light, were looking in all their strength, into the face of the fair, fair girl.

Her face was so happy, and her manner so bright; and her white teeth showed so prettily through her red lips, as she sat on the stool beside the lawyer's chair. And the sad, gray eyes seemed hungry in their look, as they asked at the same time as the tongue of the speaker:

"And you promised—to marry him?"  
And Etta, heedless in her pleasure, went on: "He told me he loved me so, and that he had seen I cared for him—"

"Then you accepted him?" pleaded the careworn enquirer.  
"No, I didn't! I didn't!"

"Then, what on earth—so you refused him?"  
"No, I didn't refuse him."

"Then, tell me, child, what you said, for mercy sake!"  
"Well"—And the fair face grew contemplative—"I told him, that—that I had only been flirting with him."

The hungry eyes grew calm, but in their calmness they told of an utter bewilderment and perplexity.

He had been mistaken in his ideal after all, and human nature was just as fickle as ever. So he mused; until, as he turned, he caught sight of the face beside him, and noting the subtle glamour of the eyes, which almost seemed to be blushing, as they turned towards his, his heart, which just the moment before had grown so still, now gave a great bound, and madly, passionately, beat within him, while a still voice whispered in its tenderest cadence from within his conscience—She is thine!

**Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.**  
Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled: Hints on Art Needle Work, just published, handsome and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles; also, stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shewing for flowers and birds, a d much information, valuable and instructive, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

**THE BEST \$3.50 PANTS**  
IN THE CITY

**B. SPAIN**

455 Queen St. West

**OVERCOATINGS**

**MELTONS—all SHADES**  
**NAPS—various QUALITIES**  
ALSO  
**Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians**

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suits and Pants

# HERE'S RICHNESS

## 40 PER CENT. DISCOUNT TO-DAY

\$5.00 BOOTS FOR \$3.00. \$4.00 BOOTS FOR \$2.50

These are fine calf hand-made Men's Boots, in lace and gaiter styles, worth anywhere in Toronto 40 per cent. more than we offer them for to-day. How can we sell them so cheap? Well, we bought a large line of them at forced sale a few days since at half value, and are throwing this out as a special inducement to get your trade. EVERYTHING GUARANTEED.

**THOMAS KENNEDY & CO.**

186 YONGE STREET



**H. E. Clarke & Co.**

105 King St. West

HAVE RECEIVED FRESH CONSIGNMENTS OF

**Toilet Brief and Dressing BAGS, &c.**



**Housecleaning Time.**

**LADIES!**

**LOOK HERE!**

What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?

For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.

**I. PICOT**  
PARIS, FRANCE.

# GURNEY'S

## ART COUNTERLESS

### BASE BURNER

The Handsomest, most

Effective and Economical

Base Burner ever produced.

By merit it has won un-

precedented popularity,

and in its New Dress for

1889 outstrips all compe-

tition. To be had of all

first-class dealers.



MANUFACTURED BY

**The E. & C. Gurney Co., Ltd.**

TORONTO HAMILTON MONTREAL WINNIPEG

**J. W. Cheeseworth**

TAILOR AND DRAPER.

106 King St. West

A Complete Assortment of

**Fall and Winter Goods**

Suitable for Gentlemen's present wear

N.B.—The public should call and see our Cheviots and Scotch Tweeds, suitable for Double-breasted Sack Suits.

**ASPLENDID CHANCE**

WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

"SATURDAY NIGHT"

AND THE

**WORLD TYPEWRITER**

For \$10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is \$10. See advertisement of this machine in another column.

**J. YOUNG**  
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER  
247 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 674.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1708.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	.....	\$2 00
Six Months	.....	1 00
Three Months	.....	50

No subscription taken for less than three months. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. II TORONTO, NOV. 2, 1899. [No. 49]

## Two Types of Conductors.

One of my diversions during a wearisome ride on the railway is to observe the conductor, and my conclusions have been that if any individual should possess sweetness of temper and an inexhaustible fund of patience, he is the man. He is one of the most powerful factors in making up the comfort of the passengers. His influence on the few score individuals helplessly incarcerated in a rapidly moving train, all subject to his pertinent enquiries and penetrating punch, is such that he leaves behind him either a long train of irritated sensibilities, or a peaceful influence which acts like a balm on the tired nerves of the traveler. As one star differeth from another in glory, so one conductor differeth from another. There is the conductor whose mission it is to bless, and there is the conductor whose destiny, it seems, is to damn—that is, the comfort of the passengers. One hot afternoon this summer I was in a crowded car as it approached the Bridge. It was full of people who were going to change routes at that point, and who were anxious as to which train to take, when it would leave, and whether they could go forward that night or not. A tall, thin, grey-headed, grey-whiskered, and benevolent-looking man opened the farther door and said, "Tickets, please," in so gentle a tone that one would imagine he was sorry to put people to such unnecessary trouble. He made such happy progress through the car that every body had their tickets out waiting for him. He was plied with questions from almost every seat as to routes, changes and time-tables, all of which he answered with unwavering good-nature, supplementing them with needed information unasked for, and in fact, enquiring the destination of each traveler and pointing out the right course to pursue. Ladies beamed on him with satisfaction, and there was nobody, except the take-care-of-himself commercial, who was not glad that he had come by that train. He was the conductor of Peace.

Another scene. A similar train on another branch of the same railway. The conductor, a big heavy man with shaven face, enters and gruffly demands "Tickets!" and those unfortunate passengers who did not observe him in time to yield up their passports without delay received a punch in the ribs and the admonition to "Hurry up, there!" Near me was seated an old lady with basket and bundle, as fussy and nervous as she well could be. Several times as we drew near a station she enquired if this was "the junction." The conductor punched her ticket and roughly told her to "change cars at Georgetown Junction."

"Can I go on the Hamilton and Northwestern," squeaked the old lady.

"Yes, yes, kin go on the Hamilton and Northwestern; I've no objection," snapped his nose in navy blue. This harsh treatment of a poor, flurried old woman so moved several passengers that she was helped off at the proper place without the help of the conductor of Wrath.

If our observance of the golden rule is partly to determine our destiny, on the day when that conductor's ticket for eternity is taken up one can almost imagine, without being uncharitable, that as he stands before the gate and makes the observation that he "would like to be shown the way to heaven," St. Peter would naively remark as he drew the bolts tighter: "My dear fellow, personally I've no objection to your reaching your destination, but I believe you are at the wrong entrance."

## The Only Genuine Elixir.

The elixir of life sensation, absurd as it was, will not have been useless if it has called attention to the fact that mankind as a rule will grow old long before they should, and that it is possible by forethought and prudence to delay very considerably the period of senile decay. The great majority of men literally "live fast" not necessarily in the worst sense of the term; but they consume unnecessarily the vital forces. Too much work and worry, too much eating and drinking, and too little open air exercise, make many aged at fifty or fifty-five when they should be still fresh and vigorous. The fancied necessity of getting wealthy is probably responsible for more broken down constitutions and deaths from old age in middle life, than even the ravages of dissipation. Even when the overworked business man takes an enforced vacation he does not as a rule know how to enjoy his outing properly. His mind is still running on bills coming due, stock quotations on the price of wheat, and the benefits of recreation are lost. And, after all, how very few reach the goal for which they have struggled so keenly? Health of mind and body and the capacity to enjoy leisure and take an active interest in other matters than dollar-grabbing are worth more than wealth. No prospect of gain ought to tempt any one to sacrifice these to the modern Moloch of business. The man who, when well advanced in years, has good health and unbroken spirits, even if poor, can afford to pity the wealthy but broken down and prematurely aged money-maker who has, as the world calls it, "succeeded in life." The example of Mr. Gladstone ought to be an encouragement to those who wish to preserve their faculties to the last, as showing how a due observance of the laws of health and good living can postpone the evil day of decline. Regular living and the avoidance of all excess furnish the only genuine elixir.



The Lotus Glee Club of Boston has traveled even over the ocean, and has sung in England, meeting with considerable appreciation in the old land. I cannot help saying that, if they sang no better in England than they did in Toronto, on Tuesday evening in Association Hall, English taste is not altogether a criterion of what is elegant and artistic. When I find fault with them, it is not so much on account of their ensemble work as on account of the lack of virile power, and of the inartistic manner of their singing. They sing marvellously well together and they have a beautiful balance of tone, if the word "tone" can be used where that phonic element is reduced to a minimum. In the whole evening there was not one good, healthy forte, such as four young men in a fair state of physical strength should have shown.

I have noticed this same effeminacy in all American male quartettes that have come under my notice, except those in German singing societies. Every thing seems to have been sacrificed to the "polishing down" process. No doubt it is very good and laudable to produce a fine, long-drawn-out pianissimo, but the excellence of quartette singing in its dynamic aspect does not consist of this alone. They should occasionally show that they are men, not mere whispering machines. As the latter musical monstrosities the Lotus Club showed a fine pre-eminence. In addition to this, when solo parts occurred in the quartettes to be sung by the second tenor or basses, the tone was poor and badly produced. The first tenor, or perhaps to speak more properly, the alto, was well kept down and had a pretty, though lady-like tone.

Then their phrasing was bad. It was jerky and disconnected, especially in a "sacred selection." Shall We Meet, which they sang and which was full of exaggerated rests. Their best numbers were the Three Fishers and Abt's Serenade. The latter was really well sung, but the former suffered by an exaggerated attempt at dramatic effect on the word "mourn," which was produced more as if it were "howl," with the action suited to the words, a result which almost parodied Charles Kingsley's noble words. Their rendition of Masses in the Cold, Cold Ground, was no doubt one which would have been clever in a variety entertainment, with its imitation of the banjo, but it was unquestionably meretricious under the circumstances which obtained in such a place as the hall of the Y. M. C. A.

Their solo singing was poor, with the qualified exception of the basso, Mr. Davis, who has a fine voice, marred by a certain parsimony of tone, as if he were afraid to impart it to the outer air. Still he was the best of them, and gave a fairly acceptable, if somewhat languid, rendering of In Old Madrid. Their presence on the stage was slightly marred by the fact that the baritone was a trifle taller than the basso, and had therefore to stand out of his place at the end of the quartette to preserve the harmony of appearances to the eye. They were supported by Miss Minnie Marshall, a reader, who essayed a scene from Ingomar, in which she gave some ludicrous instances of false emphasis, such as "Do you love your husband?" as if the lady who was questioned would naturally be supposed to love some other woman's husband! In speaking the lines of Ingomar, she assumed a position seemingly a cross between a John L. and a laundress, which would indicate that the Barbarian was not altogether a stranger to the art of self-defence, nor yet to the charms of the class which provides man with the comfort of clean linen. In her little humorous pieces, however, she was very happy and very pleasing.

A much more satisfactory subject is the concert by the combined bands of the Queen's Own and Thirteenth Battalions on Thursday night of last week. The combined bands played splendidly. Their numbers were the Tannhauser March, the Rosamunde Overture, a selection from Ernani and Meyerbeer's Fackelanz, in which Messrs. Robinson and Bayley developed a control of their forces, which was really wonderful when it is considered that there was only a short rehearsal for the bands together. All these pieces were well played, only a slight wavering being occasionally noticeable, but the climax was well reached in the last number, which received its first representation in this wise on that occasion. The magnificent unisons were actually thundered forth, and this piece, more than any, contributed to a universal wish that the two bands might be heard together again ere long.

The Hamilton band well sustained its high reputation by its rendering of the William Tell overture, an arrangement which was new to us here, but which was very effective, while the local band gave a very amusing selection, entitled A Voyage in a Troopship, in which popular airs and the grandeur of a storm at sea vied for popular favor. Mrs. Mackelcan's songs, Angus Macdonald and In Old Madrid, were sung with the expression and pathos that have made this lady so popular in Toronto, and elicited recalls of Jessamy Town and a Spanish Song. Mr. Schuch's No Surrender and A Soldier and a Man, were warmly applauded, an encore song being Every Bullet has its Billet.

Minor musical notes are that Mr. Carl Martens gave a very enjoyable Soiree Musicale at Victoria Hall on Monday evening, at which Miss Marie C. Strong, Miss Ella Cowley, Miss Whitney, Mr. Carl Schmidt and an orchestra assisted. That on Wednesday evening of last week a choral Thanksgiving service was held at All Saints' Church under the direction of Mr. G. H. Fairclough, in which both choir and organist worked most effectively. That Mr. Sims Richards sang before the St. Cecilia Society of Boston on Thursday evening in a manner to win the commendation of both the society and its conductor, Mr. Lang. Mr. Richards, during his stay in Boston, re-

ceived many compliments on the quality of his voice, and will shortly be a song us again. Another noteworthy fact is that Mr. Philip Jacob has been elected president of the Choral Society. This gentleman has always been an ardent supporter of musical ventures in Toronto, and his assumption of office means a liberal musical policy for the Society. He made his inaugural speech on Tuesday evening, and at once won the favor of the Society by drawing attention to a notice on the walls of the practice-room to the effect that "prayers and addresses would be restricted to three minutes," and by faithfully adhering thereto. The practice of the Society was attended by about one hundred and fifty members, and under Mr. Edward Fisher's direction, Mozart's First Mass and part of Signor D'Auria's cantata, the Sea King's Bride, received a very satisfactory rehearsal.

The future has in store for us, first on Monday evening, the excellent Boston Symphony Orchestra Club, under the management of J. M. Dewey & Co., which will play some novel, in addition to which we shall hear Mons. Alfred de Seve, violinist to H. R. H. the Princess Louise; Mr. Richard Stoezel on an instrument, now comparatively unknown, the viola d'amour; Mr. Fred Lax, the flautist; Mr. Otto Laney, a violoncellist of considerable repute, and Miss Augusta Ohlstrom, a Swedish singer, whose reputation promises us a great treat. On Wednesday evening, Miss Nora Cleuch makes her formal debut before a Toronto audience after her return from Germany, when she will play among other numbers, Ernest's Airs Hongrois, a most difficult composition. She will be assisted by Mme. Fanny Bloomfield, a pianist of considerable American repute. Mme. Moran Wyman, a fine contralto, and Mr. Whitney Mockridge, a tenor whom we are always proud to claim as a Torontonian. Mme. Bloomfield will play a paraphrase on airs from Lucia for the left hand alone, an effort we have not seen in Toronto since the days of Boscowitz some twenty years ago.

On Thursday, the day of turkeys, we shall have two strong musical attractions. Elm Street Methodist Church, which has long been in the van in the enterprise of securing eminent talent for its concerts, will offer us Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, one of the finest sopranos in America, and Mr. George Parker, a tenor of equal repute, together with the standard forces of the choir. Mrs. Davidson, Miss Scott, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Blight, with Mrs. Blight at the organ. On the same evening Mr. Schuch will present, on behalf of St. George's Society, a programme headed by Mrs. Agnes Thomson, who will then make her first appearance this season. She will be supported by Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Schuch, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, Mr. J. C. Arlidge, Mr. G. H. Fairclough and the fine choir of the Church of the Redeemer, all of whom will present a distinctively English programme.

The following week will give us on Monday evening a concert by the Heintzman Band, for which it has secured the great cornet virtuoso, Jules Levy, with his company composed of Mme. Rosa Linde, contralto; Mr. William Lavin, tenor, and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. The Thursday of that week will place before us a concert by the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, under Mr. Schuch's direction, at which will appear Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Charles V. Slocum of Buffalo, Mr. Schuch, Mrs. H. M. Blight and the band of the Queen's Own Rifles; all of which goes to show that Toronto is a decidedly musical city.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.

On account of this page of SATURDAY NIGHT going to press on Wednesday I am unable this week to make mention of Mr. Mantell's appearance at the Grand Opera House in his new play, The Marble Heart, and in his Shakespearean success, Othello. His romantic play, Monbars, has already been noticed at length in this column. It is the role which Mr. Mantell has made us familiar with and which has made him best known to the people of Toronto. Despite the imperfections of Monbars, however, and the frequency of its presentation here, large and appreciative audiences greeted it this week as formerly.

This I ascribe to the magnetic personality of the star and his brilliant impersonation of the title role, rather than to any intrinsic merit of the character itself. The play verges continually on the melodramatic, and in less conscientious and able hands than Mr. Mantell's, would be branded by most critics as being sensational to a degree. The agony begins early in the play and continues almost uninterruptedly to the end. But quickened with the spirit of genius and tempered with its moderation, surrounded with the glamour of a strong mind and the attractive glow of a handsome person, the somewhat inconsistent character of Monbars becomes as enthralling to the spectator as though it bore the magic impress which makes Hamlet and Othello live forever in the minds of men.

Few men could be found physically more adapted to the impersonation of heroic characters than Mr. Mantell. Tall, straight and muscular, with head well poised on his broad, square shoulders, legs like the Apollo Belvidere and a face approaching the Grecian in contour, an artist would instinctively compare him to the ancient conceptions of the solar deity, and not much to his disfavor. His eye is luminous and expressive, and in the ordinary tones of his voice one hears the reverberation of distant thunders which are not wanting when called upon. Yet his whispers can be heard in the farthest corner of the house. A good bodily presence is almost as necessary to the actors of heroic roles as the gift of speech, and in this particular the powers have been unusually favorable to Robert Mantell.

The company supporting Mr. Mantell is composed principally of the same people who accompanied him last season. Miss Charlotte Behrens takes the principal female character, Diane. This bright young lady, while taking her part with much care and a thorough appre-

ciation of its requirements, possesses one fault which detracts largely from the beauty of her work—that is, the sound made when she takes breath after each sentence. Her reading of her lines is decidedly stagey, while her movements are graceful and free. She seems to have been trained in the melo-dramatic school, and finds it difficult to throw off the tendency to end her sentences on a high note. The Laurent of Mr. Mark Price contains many good touches, but would not suffer if he could modulate his voice at times, so as to make it a little more sympathetic. Mr. Kendall Weston as Louis De Meran, does not improve much, and his acting of that important character leaves a good deal to be desired.

Mr. H. C. Kennedy's company, presenting The White Slave, is with us again this week at the Toronto Opera House. The White Slave is not quite so old as Uncle Tom's Cabin, as it was evidently from the latter that the gifted author, the late Mr. Bartley Campbell drew his inspiration. But if not quite so old, the mosses of antiquity have long since made their appearance, though the play still draws well enough on the cheap route. The friends of one's boyhood may be seen with pleasure and delight once in a while, but when their visits recur frequently, and when they retail the same old stories, the same old jokes, and the same old songs at each visit, one longs for some "valley in the west," where, free from Uncle Toms, and White Slaves, and all their kind, "the weary soul may rest." The interminable working of these old plays is another instance of the lack of originality I wrote about last week. Good plays, discarded by first class companies, gradually run down, till, in the hands of barn-storming companies, bereft of all their original spirit, they are dinged into the public ear as long as they are capable of making a dollar for a manager. This may be business, but when business becomes the grand object of managers and players, the drama as an art is sure to retrograde. I did not observe that the company playing the White Slave here this week contained any members calculated to scintillate at a much loftier attitude in the dramatic firmament than they now occupy.

"Come in," said Miss Behrens, as I tapped at the door of her parlor in the Rossin House. Accepting the invitation, I found myself in the presence of three women, who appeared to be talking at the same time. One was, of course, the leading lady of the Mantell Company; another was lady number two, and the third was a voluble talker, who was soliciting orders for lace goods. The latter soon departed; Miss Hamblin also left the room. Pointing to half-opened packages of gloves and hose, Miss Behrens told me that she had been shopping—"buying things for my nephews and aunts and cousins," she said, merrily.

"I was born in Brooklyn, though my education was received in California, and I made my debut in San Francisco, so I am really a California girl." This was in response to a query as to what particular part of Uncle Sam's domains she called home.

Miss Behrens declined to express a preference for any one of the three characters she portrays, although she confessed a liking for "emotional parts."

"Do people not tell you that you have an emotional face?" I asked. "Yes," was the hesitating reply. "I must admit that they do." Her face is a study, bespeaking a rugged power of concentration. In conversation she lacks the dash and sparkle which so many actresses affect, and adopts a womanly and tender manner. It may not be natural, but is rather pleasing—perhaps from its scarcity among those whose vocation calls them to face the footlights.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A case which shows the amount of work some players go through to perfect themselves in a part, is Mr. William Harris, Rhea's leading man. He is said to have read all the histories and memoirs ever published about Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to fit himself for that role in the new play of Josephine.

In the Dresden (Germany) State Theater it is a breach of discipline for any artist to accept flowers or tokens of admiration or in any other way to recognize the presence of the audience during the performance.

Dion Boucault and Ben Teal are jointly engaged in play-writing. The copyrights of Boucault's plays were lately sold at auction in London with the following results: London Assurance brought \$785; Flying Scud, \$250; Arrah-n-Pogue, \$225; The Long Strike, \$210; After Dark, \$350; Formosa, \$270, and the remainder much smaller sums.

The United States taxed Wilson Barrett to the tune of \$2,000 for the privilege of bringing his scenery, costumes and properties into that country. He proposes to appeal to the secretary of the treasury on the ground that they were merely his tools of trade.

Boucault, discussing orchestras in the Mirror, says: "Why should music accompany dramatic performances anyway? Is it not a sign that music is not wanted when we see the bands shoved here and there, under the stage and over the stage, and in the wings, and finally in some separate room where they are not seen? In many of the theaters of Europe now they have no orchestras at all, and orchestras were unknown in the formative period of the drama. There is none at the Theatre-Francaise."

## He Did.

Miss Beacon (of Boston)—Do you never feel an insatiable craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcribe the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite? Omaha Man—Yes. Kinder.—Harper's Bazar.

## The Marlborough House Malady.

At the Whippersnapper Club: Cadley—What aw you witting, old chappie? Deuced long lettaw, bay Jove! Cubleigh—It's not aw lettaw at all, doncher know. The fact—aw—is, I've got Bwight's disease—aw—and I'm—aw—making my will. Cadley—Gad, ole fellow, I've just been to aw undawtakaw to give diwrections for maw fu-nel. I'm in thaw—aw—lawst stages, maw—self.



## Two Little Elves.

Two tiny, chattering wint'ers' elves  
Are with me everywhere,  
The first is fair, with stately grace,  
And one is dark, with brown-hued face,  
And brails of glistening hair.

The name of one is Fancy Free,  
Her eyes are tender blue;  
But wee Miss Practical's orbs are brown,  
At Fancy's freaks sh' 'll oftentimes frown,  
And mutter—"Sare to rus."

Gay Fancy's garb is clinging white,  
With ribbons, frills and lace;  
Her sister elf is clad in gray,  
But heart-thoughts over her features play,  
And brighten her sober face.

On shopping days Miss Fancy leans,  
Whispering with coaxing air,  
"This cloth is best—as new and bright,"  
But Practical holds it to the light,  
And says "I fear 't won't wear."

Miss Fancy speaks of merriment,  
As jolly and kind and gay;  
She praises a voice, a smile or eyes,  
But Practical sets in a tone so wise,  
"Will he mean the half 't'll say."

At times when the world looks dark and gray,  
When people seem cross and blue,  
Miss Fancy moans, "'O, 'tis a shame,"  
But Practical cries, "They're not to blame,  
The rest are right—it's you!"

—FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

## Plighting.

For Saturday Night.

A rippling wave upon the sea,  
A moon-beam chaste and cold,  
Clasped hands and plighted troth to-night,  
With yaws that ne'er grow old.

Ah! but the wave was a happy swain,  
Ah! but the moon-beam o'er,  
While the fair stars watched once again  
O'er love's fond fleeting joy.

For another world sought the moon,  
And she's but a flicker's eye,  
So he wrapt her close in his dark embrace,  
And his fierce wild homage paid.

The moon sleeps yet in her cloud lover's arms,  
The dark wave sobb's alone,  
Tis thus are plighted lovers' vows,  
Then lightly overthrown.

C. G. B.

## Having the Last Word.

For Saturday Night.

We've just had a few words,  
My little wife and I,  
A practice which we oft indulge  
When no one else is by.

And, come to think of it,  
The day that we were wed  
We had a few, and every day  
Since then, one word has led

To more, though twenty years  
Are numbered with the past,  
We both have tried, with might and main,  
Which one would have the last.

"A dog's life," do you say?  
Well, hardly that, he'd be  
A very happy dog indeed,  
That could compare with me.

You'd wish that you were dead,  
Rather than Fate should bring  
To you a lifetime such as mine,  
Of constant quarrelling.

Ah! well, now, come. Who said  
A word of quarrelling?  
She's all that's sweet, and kind, and good,  
And still my darling.

We've just had a few words,  
As I remarked above;  
But, bless you, they have only been  
As always—words of love.

SEVEN BRIDGE, OCT. 29, 1899. REV. J. SMILEY, M.A.

## The Father to His Boy.

Come hither, William John, my son, come hither to my knee.

We'll sit and watch the river take its journey to the sea,  
And as the water rolls along I fain would talk awhile,  
Since I have heard thy youthful soul is lately steeped in guile;

They tell me that you want to be a humorist, and write  
For papers, grinding out your jests at morning, noon and night;

To tell of candies made of clay and other jokes as dark—  
Alas, my son, old Noah sprung each chestnut in the ark!

You'll tell about the wretched man who long with stove-pipes toils,  
And say the mother-in-law is fit for stratagems and spills;

And to the cat that sings at night you columns will devote,  
And bubble o'er with humor when you're speaking of the goat

That breaks its fast with circus bills and scraps of rusty tin.  
And boll with mirth when speaking of the tramp who's soaked with gin,

And gets a dose of thirty days—oh, William Johnnie, hark!  
Old Noah rang the bell on such when sailing in the ark.

Of course, about the setting hen you'll speak in ecstasy—  
That brooding fowl has always been to humiliate a glee;  
And then the poet with his rhymes who climbs the printer's stair,

And lands upon the sidewalk with a look of dull despair;  
And looking to the future, son, you well I can discern  
Propounding such a thing as this: "What makes the bottle-fly?"

Or telling of the nurse and "cop"—a courting in the park—  
Old Noah wept when yags like these were given in the ark.

We'll sit beside the river, son, and watch its rapid flow,  
And if you do not change your mind, we rapidly shall go  
To where the hedges beaten straw within our humble call,  
And I shall gently take it down—shall take it from the wall!

And those who live within three blocks are we have done  
our quarrel  
Will think I'm simply pounding in the heading of a barrel;  
And if they any questions ask I'll say it's just a lark  
With one that wants to spring the gag that's soiled in the ark.

—Omaha Republican.

## A Desperate Man.

Bagley had called on fifteen landlords, all of whom objected to leasing him their houses because he had children. At last he became desperate and resolved to have a house at any cost. "Well," he said to landlord number sixteen, "I guess I'll take this place."

"Pardon me, sir," said the landlord, "but have you any children?"

"Yes," sighed Bagley, "but I'll kill them."

—Judge.



## Noted People.

Prof. John Stuart Blackie of Edinburgh attains his 80th birthday this year.

The King of Bavaria receives an income of \$1,000,000 a year from the profits of the Hofbrauhaus brewery.

Elson's hair is rapidly becoming gray, and he attributes it to the fact that he was said to have been made an Italian count.

Emperor William has prohibited the use of the word cigar, on account of its French origin. In future the fragrant weed is to be known in Germany by the execrably Teutonic word of Glimmstengel.

John Burns, the English socialistic leader who managed the great strike of the London dockmen, is a relative of the late Robert Burns. In appearance he resembles the dead poet so strongly as to cause general comment.

A biographer of David Bennett Hill recalls the fact that the bachelor governor was never fond of the girls. He has always avoided their society, and he has been known to walk around a block to avoid meeting one.

It is not generally known that there are in existence some very spirited ballads by Lord Macaulay, which, in accordance with the author's wish, have never been published. The best of them relates the story of Bosworth field.

When the Pope recently received a letter from Harvard University in acknowledgment of some presents which he had sent it, he read the communication out aloud, slowly, and expressed his admiration of the classical Latin in which it was written.

Gov. Lee of Virginia has a letter from Lord Wolseley, saying he will attend the unveiling of the monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee in Virginia early in December unless something unforeseen prevents. This is in response to an invitation. Jefferson Davis will also attend, and Lord Wolseley and Mr. Davis will be the lions of the occasion.

Sir Edwin Arnold is credited with saying that a man who is careful about his dress will be careful about his habits, and will not engage in any proceeding that would cast a stain upon his reputation. So many exceptions to this will readily occur to everyone, that it is doubtful if Sir Edwin expressed such a sentiment without qualification.

Truth says there is a marvellous thaw in the rigidity of Balmoral life when the Queen actually allows the ball room of the castle to be converted into a theater, with a stage and appliances arranged by people from Aberdeen, specially painted scenery, representing views on Daeside, and an orchestra from Aberdeen. The piece was *Used Up*, and Princess Beatrice played Lady Clutterbuck.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie denies the story that weary of waiting for the Pittsburgh Councilmen to accept his offer of a free library, he had appointed a citizens' committee of his own. Mr. Carnegie says: "I am not weary of waiting. On the contrary, I am as patient as Job." A man waiting for a present of \$750,000 to be accepted suggests a new design for an emblem of patience.

During their visit to Constantinople, the German Emperor and Empress are staying at the famous White Palace. It occupies a delightful site within the demesne of the Yildiz Kiosk, with terraced gardens sloping to the Bosphorus, where two barges (one rowed by twenty-four black Nubians, in scarlet satin uniforms; the other by twenty-four Greeks, in blue silk, with red and gold caps), and a steam launch will be at the disposal of their majesties.

The Queen of Roumania, whose pen name is Carmen Sylva, has a romantic history. She was born Princess of Weid, a small Rhine principality, and her early life was one unceasing course of study. In 1869 she married Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who was made ruler of Roumania. She applied herself to the study of the language and interested herself in her people, thus winning their love and loyalty. The loss of her little daughter—her only child—was a great grief to the Queen, and her whole life has been saddened by her bereavement.

One who recently visited Whittier at his home, "Oak Knoll," Danvers, Mass., speaks with quiet conviction of his goodness of heart and kind, simple manner. A Scotch collier named Robin Adair lay on the hearth rug. On the table stood a glass of blue gentians, and a wood fire brightened the pleasant sitting-room in which the visitor waited while other callers took leave of the venerable poet. His study is a small room, with a desk scattered over with papers. Portraits of Emerson, John Bright, and the Emperor of Brazil adorn the walls. The window overlooks the spot where a minister was hanged for a wizard, and the cemetery where an Indian girl concerned in witchcraft is buried. "That was long ago," said Whittier, "but see," pointing to a horseshoe hanging above his door, "that is to keep the witches away." This last was with a little laugh, for the writer of the quaintly-worded Quaker poems, the stirring records of historical events, and the dear home scenes, has yet a twinkle of merriment in his eye, though he has reached the good old age of fourscore.

To the younger generation the name of Ricord has no particular significance. To mature readers, it brings to mind one of the greatest of specialists, whom thousands of persons journeyed to Paris to meet, twenty and thirty years ago, and who was summoned in consultation whenever the Emperor Napoleon and the crowned heads of Europe discovered that the divine right of kings offered them no protection against maladies that afflicted alike sailor and sultan. Ricord, who died in Paris the other day, was, as most people will be surprised to learn, an American by birth. He was a native of Charleston, descended from the old Huguenot stock, and he came into the world with the century. His vast and gloomy hotel in the Rue de Tournon witnessed, morning, afternoon and evening, an endless procession of wretched mortals. All around the doctor's consulting-room were tiny ante-chambers, for no one of Ricord's patients cared to meet another. Ushered into the sacred presence, the visitor beheld a small and, of late, aged and decrepit man, who questioned him, submitted him to a brief examination, and gave his decision with the laconism and certainty of science.

On a table near by lay a black velvet cushion, and on this—and sometimes in a porcelain jar—the patient dropped the regulation 20 franc piece, which represented the minimum consultation fee. When the caller's face and manner pleased the *Esculapius*, he would chat with him a few minutes and show the stranger some choice pictures adorning the walls. But, as a rule, Dr. Ricord in his cabinet attended strictly to business. If he has left any memoirs, what strange stories they may tell of imperial and royal intrigues, begun amid all the splendor of passion and ended in suffering and death!

## The Bells of Lynne.

The night is falling, the north wind blows,  
It bitterly blows over marsh and sea;  
The plowman clings to his cap as he goes,  
And the curlew tilts in the spume of the sea.

But far and faint, and sweet and thin,  
Oh, hear the bells from the old gray town,  
The ancient, red-roofed city of Lynne,  
That lies where the winding hills come down!

As oft as the bitter winds are blown,  
The smiling winds from the fields of snow,  
So often the bells of Lynne float down  
To the dunes and the desolate waste below.

As oft as the human heart is torn  
By the pain of loss, by the strife of sin,  
So oft are the bells of heaven borne  
Over the sobbing waves, like the bells of Lynne.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

## Varsity Chat.

Mr. K. C. McIlwraith, who used to lend a charm to the classical class of '90, and who was compelled by uncertain health to discontinue his studies for a year, has gone into medicine.

A meeting was announced for last Tuesday afternoon to discuss the control of the 'Varsity. It was expected that representatives of the company would be present to make an offer to the undergraduates but none appeared. The matter is consequently in a somewhat indefinite state at present. The lack of interest in the college paper among undergraduates is one of the most discouraging facts which a public-spirited collegian has to face. Only few ever seemed to take pride in the paper, and that, too, when pride would have had a most adequate justification. Now that its existence is threatened, there are equally few to lend a sustaining hand.

All this means that the majority take a fatally narrow view of college life. It is not the fact, *per se*, that we shall, perhaps, have no college paper, which is most to be regretted, but the other and more important fact, that the spirit and unselfish energy which are necessary for the success of a college paper and other college institutions are seen to be wanting. If men at college will not support a paper or a literary society, I cannot see where patriotism is to come in.

The class of '93 met this week for the purpose of organizing. A constitution was adopted and the election of officers postponed till next Tuesday afternoon. There seems to be considerable ability in the year.

Mr. G. Silverthorn, M.B., '89, has taken his departure for Germany where he will study for two years. "Gid's" many friends wish him unqualified success.

A motion is on the table in the Literary Society to the effect that a memorial be sent to the class of '92 requesting its executive to discontinue with literary programmes at their class meetings. It is claimed that the said programmes consume energy which would otherwise be expended in the society of societies, the Literary Society. Apart from the constitutionality of the motion which is, at least, questionable, it looks like an attempt to legislate water up hill so to speak. If this well-meaning motion is carried it will be in order to censure the class of '91 for holding a dinner on Friday evening.

The Glee Club moves on in its own harmonious way. It has never been more efficient than during the last two years under Mr. Schuch, that is, speaking from an artistic standpoint. But so far it has failed to perform its other function of popularizing college choruses. Time was when from sundry lecture rooms the sweet voices of waiting students floated out on the breeze and across the campus. But old things have passed away. Tune up, gleemen.

Disturbances of gigantic proportions have taken place several times of late between meda and arts men in the west end lecture room. There is nothing intrinsically objectionable in these good-natured scuffles, but there is danger that ill-feeling may be aroused between students of the two faculties—a consummation devoutly not to be wished.

Mr. W. H. Mulligan, a med., won the championship at the recent sports, and men of all classes heartily applauded him. The sports themselves, in spite of the unfavorable weather, were a decided success. Much credit is due to the committee for the happy result of their labor of love. The fatigue race, which is a new feature, was an unusually attractive event. It might be described, without reflecting on the contestants, as a donkey race.

Mr. J. W. Scane, '91, of football fame, has deserted his *alma mater* for McGill. He will study medicine.

## A Result of Rapid Social Evolution.

James D. Phelan, a Californian, is one of the characters of San Francisco, says New York *Truth*. Whether his first steps up the ladder of opulence were taken with a hod on his shoulder I don't know, but he became a contractor and then a money-lender. Now he owns whole blocks of business buildings on Market street, the principal thoroughfare, and lives in about the handsomest mansion in San Francisco. It is situated on Valencia street, and it came into his possession by the foreclosure of one of his hundreds of mortgages. Among the attractions of the place are sundry pieces of statuary set up here and there on the lawn. Occasionally James, the elder, lightens the burdens of life by taking a glass of Irish whiskey. It is related that when he had been a short time in possession of his captured palace Mr. Phelan set down his glass one evening, threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, spat on his hands, remarked "Hurro!" and marched forth to the lawn. There he proceeded to break his

venerable knuckles on the Apollo Belvedere, cursing the while in an able manner.

"Good gracious, James," a female voice cried from the drawing-room window, "what the devil are you at?"

"Phew! am I at it?" roared Mr. Phelan, getting in a smasher on Apollo's breakfast. "Sure it's two months this fella's been here, an' d'ivil a dint av rint have he paid!"

Mr. Phelan, notwithstanding his millions, adheres to the toilet of earlier and humbler years. This leads occasionally to embarrassment. Business called him East a few years ago. He filled his pipe and engaged the company in the smoker as to the resources of the country they were passing through. He was the last to retire to rest.

"I don't like the looks of that old fellow," said the conductor to one of the passengers who was honored with his acquaintance. "He'll do to keep an eye on." And for two nights the porter sat sleepless on a stool, watching the berth of the honest millionaire, to seize him should he crawl out and attempt to hunt for wallets under pillows.

## Astonishes the Natives.

The natives of tropical countries are seldom so much astonished as when they are first introduced to snow and ice. The congealing of water is a phenomenon they are slow to comprehend. A few months ago Sir William McGregor enticed several New Guinea natives to the hitherto unscathed summit of Mount Owen Stanley, the loftiest peak in British Australasia. On its barren summit, nearly a thousand feet above the zone of vegetation, big icicles were found, greatly to the amazement of the natives, who were much startled when they touched them, and insisted that their fingers had been burned.

A year ago, when Mr. Ehlers ascended Mount Kilimanjaro, his native porters, who had lived all their lives near the base of the great mountain, pulled off the boots with which they had been provided as they approached the snow line and plunged merrily into the snow in their bare feet. They lost no time in plunging out again, and lay writhing on the ground, insisting that their feet had been severely burned. Some of the Central African natives who have been introduced into Germany mistook last winter the first snow storm they saw for a flight of white butterflies. Lieut. Von Francois says the mistake was a very natural one. One day when he was ascending a tributary of the Congo he saw for the first time the air filled with a great storm of white butterflies, and he says the spectacle closely resembled a gentle fall of snow.

The seductive summer drink, so popular in our latitude during the dog days, produces upon the untutored savage when first brought to his notice as unpleasant an effect as an unexpected electric shock. King Dinah of West Africa has been of the recent sightseers in Paris. An attempt was made one day to explain to him the nature of ice by introducing him to an ice drink. The usual sensation of coldness was not, however, experienced, and he dashed the cooling draught on the floor as soon as he had tasted it.

It is said that our Alaskan Eskimos think the weather is uncomfortably sultry when the temperature is at the freezing point, while the Central African shivers in great distress in a temperature of sixty degrees above zero.—*New York Sun*.

## Pompeian Excavations.

The excavations at Pompeii go on all the year round, though the number of laborers employed depends chiefly on the fees obtained from visitors, as the State subsidy for the work is but trifling. To keep up the reputation of the place the authorities always have a freshly discovered chamber in stock, so to speak, for the purpose of displaying to the public a larger space than does the excavated part. When a great find of antiquities takes place the excavated place is carefully, but loosely, covered over with gravel and earth to the extent of a foot, and when any royal personage or notorious visitor visits Pompeii, he is led to suppose that the men, who are with a great show of energy digging up the loose gravel, are excavating in the spot, and revealing the buried antiquities for the first time.

The discovery of some remote epoch are supposed to have invented cards and the practice of cheating therewith. Recent excavations which are going on slowly but surely at Pompeii, show that the Romans used not only to play at dice which we have already—but also to cheat at the game. During the excavations a room was discovered in which the occupants had evidently been surprised at a game of hazard, or some other dice game. The dice, owing to the hard substance of which they were composed, were as good as the day they were thrown, and, strange to say, two of them were found to be loaded.—*N. Y. Truth*.

## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.]

WILLY RIBLEY, Woodstock—"Louie," not "Loise," was answered in last week's issue. So your interrogation mark after "her" is absolutely valueless—is it not? Are you sure it was not one of the "hows" who dared you? You are self-willed, endowed with a liberal amount of the spirit of mischief, and are witty, decided and apt to be jealous.

Doc, Hulburton, N. Y.—Sympathetic, generous, decided and prompt in action; apt to please yourself regardless of consequences. It evinces also sense of honor and warmth of attachment.

O. T. Malone, City.—Witty, impulsive and prone to disregard advice. You are writing indicies also addition, with a lack of that perseverance necessary to the fulfillment of it.

FALLING LEAVES, Ottawa.—You are controlled by your head, not your heart; are reserved, energetic, yet show power of passionate attachment and fervor of imagination.

SAMANTHA, Toronto.—Artistic taste, good nature, energy, warmth of attachment. Inclined to consider well before taking any important step.

BESSIE M. GALT.—If your lover is deficient in courtesy towards you, you may be sure he will not alter for the better after marriage. Any lack of regard for the established conventionalities shows a want of respect, and a thoroughly careless nature. You can easily alter the bank drapery. Take it off and cut it shorter, for it will look much better plain. Your suggestion of a mahogany bed trimmed with black plush and tips is an excellent one. Have two fronts made for your dark green dress—one matching it and one of a lighter shade, or pale yellow, whichever you prefer. Your writing shows caution, kindness, mirth and perseverance.

FAIRY, Jarvis street.—Your first question is a very silly one, Fairy. How on earth can I tell how you will know you are in love. True regard is no like measles, sure to be preceded by unalterable symptoms. My own opinion—and I do not claim to be an authority on such a matter—is that you will be pretty well able to decide that very delicate question your own little self. As to fascination—some people are so magnetically attractive that you will be influenced by them no matter how long you have known them. You are quick to move, quick to comprehend, and just as quick to temper too. Besides I think you are variable in your likes and dislikes. Your friend is writing about an amiable disposition, prudence and courage.

MARBARA, Toronto.—Not during the same season. To return a courtesy as quickly as a similar one looks too much like "false exchange." There are many ways in which one can make known the appreciation of a gift without a direct return. Your writing shows love of order, refinement, and tendency to exaggeration.

JAMES H. Belleville.—The young lady is certainly in the wrong. It should be a great satisfaction to her to know that she is perfectly gentlemanly in her conduct towards all ladies. Perhaps though you misunderstand her. Such trifling things as often ruin friendships, that I would advise you to be cautious and not wear an offended air. I trust it will all come right.

BOY BURN, St. Catharines.—Read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Shakespeare. One should not confine one's reading to the works of to-day, though they certainly should have their share of attention. Histories are of use in acquiring a fund of general information. Do not allow words which you do not understand to escape you. Hunt them down with a dictionary. This is the system I know; you will be surprised to see how often you will meet the very word you "hunted" to the earth. Your writing shows sensitiveness, a reserved temperament and some ambition, but you must persevere in all things you undertake. There is no "luck." People generally work for all they get, and if they do not pay for it in work they pay for it in some other way, you may be sure.



Mrs. Bendrix—I don't know what I shall do, doctor, if anything happens. Such an interesting child; and growing to be a perfect image of his father. Little Ned (with a slight attack of the measles)—I guess you needn't bother to give me any medicine, doc. I think I'd prefer to die.—*Judge*.

## Modern Children.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the current number of *Chambers Journal*, has passed severe judgment upon the rising generation of boys and girls, whom she attacks with a sarcastic vehemence suggesting the well-worn metaphor of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. According to description, the young people of to-day are self-opinionated, ill-mannered cubs, upon whom the higher education seems chiefly to have had the effect of making them dissatisfied with themselves and extremely unpleasant to other people. I cannot agree with Mrs. Lynn Linton on this point. The young folks have their faults, and so had their fathers and mothers; but I think it is distinctly unfair to denounce them as discourteous, conceited prigs because, by reason of the march of progress, they are being educated on different lines to their parents. "The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," but surely it is far-fetched to deduce from this fact the gradual disappearance of wisdom of conduct, good taste, and refinement of feeling. It is true our boys and girls are freer in speech and manners than the children of previous generations, but we have purposely quickened the action of their brains and unfettered them from the cumbrous conventionalities of the past, and I may even go so far as to say that at the present rapid rate of educational advancement it is more probable that the youth of the present day do know a great deal more than their progenitors. But whether or no parents agree with this view, I am sure they will all stoutly deny that their sons and daughters are ill-mannered prigs, for that casts reflection upon their own tact in training their offspring.

We have very recently been reminded that exactly a century has elapsed since the death of the author of that extraordinary work, *Sandford and Merton*. It was on this book, and books of the same improving class, that the minds of children were trained—save the mark!—a generation or two ago. Can Mrs. Lynn Linton seriously believe that boys and girls nourished on such worthless literary food were allowed a fair chance of intellectual growth, or that priggishness of a far more objectionable type was not fostered by the sickly self-satisfaction of the model Harry, or by the cloying platitudes of that insufferable bore, Mr. Barlow? The children of to-day are, fortunately, emancipated from the tyranny of such mind-enslaving rubbish as the book to

which I have referred; and it is surely better that they should err in being a little too nearly abreast of their elders in knowledge and savoir faire than that they should be crushed down by modern Mr. Barlows—male or female—into vapid, idealless puppets—the model children of the Sandford and Merton era.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

## Ancient Holy Wine.

In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville in Bremen there are twelve cases of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the Apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting place 265 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of five oxfords of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix-dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay and interest upon interests, one of those oxfords would to-day cost 555,657,640 rix-dollars; three single bottles, 2,273,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 540,476 rix-dollars or \$272,380, or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars or \$272 per drop.

## An Easy Solution.

Edith—Oh, dear, I don't know what to do with myself!  
Jack—Give yourself to me.

## Homoeopathic.

Brown (who has just passed the box)—How do you like these cigars, old man?  
Jones—At very long intervals, thanks.—*Puck*.

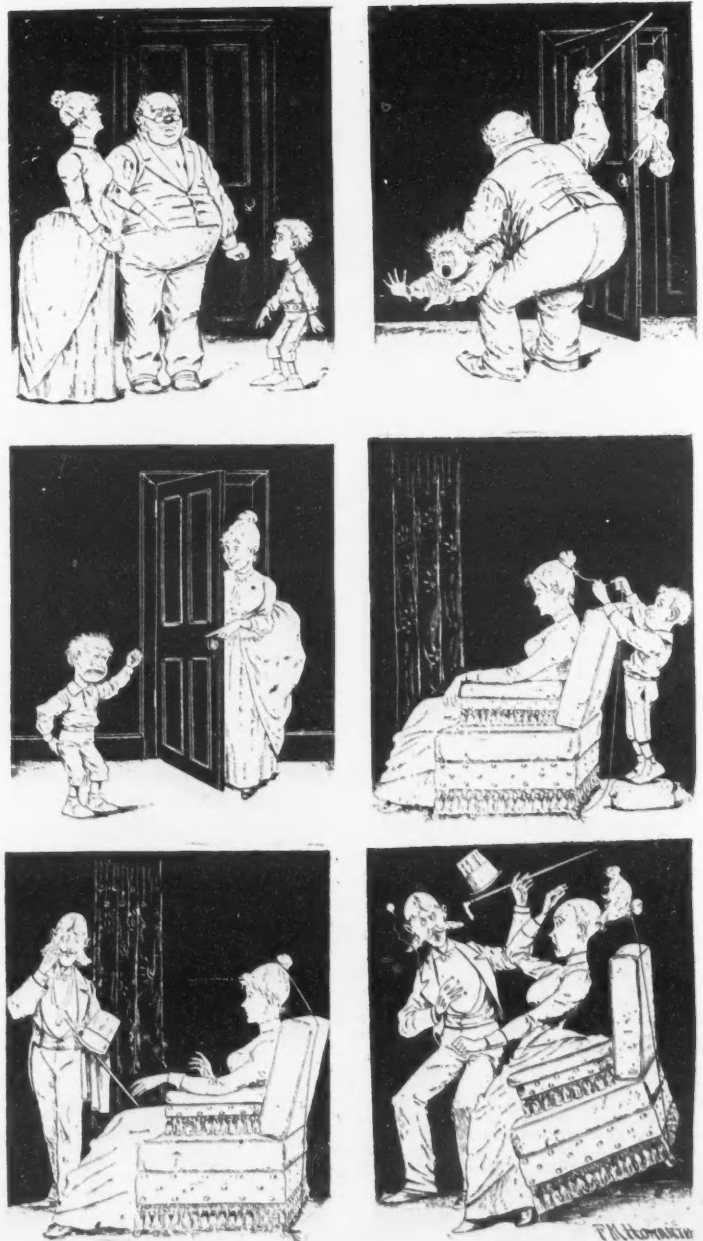
## Purely a Matter of Sentiment.

"May I see you alone for a few minutes Mr. Allcash?"  
"Certainly, Mr. Hardup. Is it on a matter of business?"  
"No, sir. Merely a matter of sentiment. I wish to ask for the hand of your daughter."—*Time*.

## Many Work at this Business

"Cusno," said Fangle, "what is Jay Smith doing for a living now?"  
"A contractor."  
"Ah! In what line?"  
"D-b's,"—*Time*.

## The Tell-Tale Sister, a Severe Chastisement and An Awful Revenge.





## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	.....	\$3 00
Six Months	.....	1 00
Three Months	.....	50

No subscription taken for less than three months. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. II TORONTO, NOV. 2, 1889. [No. 49]

## Two Types of Conductors.

One of my diversions during a wearisome ride on the railway is to observe the conductor, and my conclusions have been that if any individual should possess sweetness of temper and an inexhaustible fund of patience, he is the man. He is one of the most powerful factors in making up the comfort of the passengers. His influence on the few score individuals helplessly incarcerated in a rapidly moving train, all subject to his pertinent enquiries and penetrating punch, is such that he leaves behind him either a long train of irritated sensibilities, or a peaceful influence which acts like a balm on the tired nerves of the traveler. As one star differeth from another in glory, so one conductor differeth from another. There is the conductor whose mission it is to bless, and there is the conductor whose destiny, it seems, is to damn—that is, the comfort of the passengers. One hot afternoon this summer I was in a crowded car as it approached the Bridge. It was full of people who were going to change routes at that point, and who were anxious as to which train to take, when it would leave, and whether they could go forward that night or not. A tall, thin, grey-headed, grey-whiskered, and benevolent-looking man opened the farther door and said, "Tickets, please," in so gentle a tone that one would imagine he was sorry to put people to such unnecessary trouble. He made such happy progress through the car that every body had their tickets out waiting for him. He was plying with questions from almost every seat as to routes, changes and time-tables, all of which he answered with unwavering goodnature, supplementing them with needed information unasked for, and in fact, enquiring the destination of each traveler and pointing out the right course to pursue. Ladies beamed on him with satisfaction, and there was nobody, except the take-care-of-himself commercial, who was not glad that he had come by that train. He was the conductor of Peace.

Another scene. A similar train on another branch of the same railway. The conductor, a big heavy man with shaven face, enters and gruffly demands "Tickets!" and those unfortunate passengers who did not observe him in time to yield up their passports without delay received a punch in the ribs and the admonition to "Hurry up, there!" Near me was seated an old lady with basket and bundle, as fussy and nervous as she well could be. Several times as we drew near a station she enquired if this was "the junction." The conductor punched her ticket and roughly told her to "change cars at Georgetown Junction."

"Can I go on the Hamilton and Northwestern," squeaked the old lady.

"Yes, yes, kin go on the Hamilton and Northwestern; I've no objection," snapped his nose in navy blue. This harsh treatment of a poor, flurried old woman so moved several passengers that she was helped off at the proper place without the help of the conductor of Wrath.

If our observance of the golden rule is partly to determine our destiny, on the day when that conductor's ticket for eternity is taken up one can almost imagine, without being uncharitable, that as he stands before the gate and makes the observation that he "would like to be shown the way to heaven," St. Peter would naively remark as he drew the bolts tighter: "My dear fellow, personally I've no objection to your reaching your destination, but I believe you are at the wrong entrance."

## The Only Genuine Elixir.

The elixir of life sensation, absurd as it was, will not have been useless if it has called attention to the fact that mankind as a rule will grow old long before they should, and that it is possible by forethought and prudence to delay very considerably the period of senile decay. The great majority of men literally "live fast" not necessarily in the worst sense of the term; but they consume unnecessarily the vital forces. Too much work and worry, too much eating and drinking, and too little open air exercise, make many aged at fifty or fifty-five when they should be still fresh and vigorous. The fancied necessity of getting wealthy is probably responsible for more broken down constitutions and deaths from old age in middle life, than even the ravages of dissipation. Even when the overworked business man takes an enforced vacation he does not as a rule know how to enjoy his outing properly. His mind is still running on bills coming due, stock quotations on the price of wheat, and the benefits of recreation are lost. And, after all, how very few reach the goal for which they have struggled so keenly? Health of mind and body and the capacity to enjoy leisure and take an active interest in other matters than dollar-grabbing are worth more than wealth. No prospect of gain ought to tempt any one to sacrifice these to the modern Moloch of business. The man who, when well advanced in years, has good health and unbroken spirits, even if poor, can afford to pity the wealthy but broken down and prematurely aged money-maker who has, as the world calls it, "succeeded in life." The example of Mr. Gladstone ought to be an encouragement to those who wish to preserve their faculties to the last, as showing how a due observance of the laws of health and good living can postpone the evil day of decline. Regular living and the avoidance of all excess furnish the only genuine elixir.



The Lotus Glee Club of Boston has traveled even over the ocean, and has sung in England, meeting with considerable appreciation in the old land. I cannot help saying that, if they sang no better in England than they did in Toronto, on Tuesday evening in Association Hall, English taste is not altogether a criterion of what is elegant and artistic. When I find fault with them, it is not so much on account of their ensemble work as on account of the lack of virile power, and of the inartistic manner of their singing. They sing marvellously well together and they have a beautiful balance of tone, if the word "tone" can be used where that phonic element is reduced to a minimum. In the whole evening there was not one good, healthy forte, such as four young men in a fair state of physical strength should have shown.

I have noticed this same effeminacy in all American male quartettes that have come under my notice, except those in German singing societies. Everything seems to have been sacrificed to the "polishing down" process. No doubt it is very good and laudable to produce a fine, long-drawn-out pianissimo, but the excellence of quartette singing in its dynamic aspect does not consist of this alone. They should occasionally show that they are men, not mere whispering machines. As the latter musical monstrosities the Lotus Club showed a fine pre-eminence. In addition to this, when solo parts occurred in the quartettes to be sung by the second tenor or basses, the tone was poor and badly produced. The first tenor, or perhaps to speak more properly, the alto, was well kept down and had a pretty, though lady-like tone.

Then their phrasing was bad. It was jerky and disconnected, especially in a "sacred selection." Shall We Meet, which they sang and which was full of exaggerated rests. Their best numbers were the Three Fishers and Abt's Serenade. The latter was really well sung, but the former suffered by an exaggerated attempt at dramatic effect on the word "mourn," which was produced more as if it were "howl," with the action suited to the words, a result which almost parodied Charles Kingsley's noble words. Their rendition of Mass's in the Cold, Cold Ground, was no doubt one which would have been clever in a variety entertainment, with its imitation of the banjo, but it was unquestionably meretricious under the circumstances which obtained in such a place as the hall of the Y. M. C. A.

Their solo singing was poor, with the qualified exception of the basso, Mr. Davis, who has a fine voice, marred by a certain parsimony of tone, as if he were afraid to impart it to the outer air. Still he was the best of them, and gave a fairly acceptable, if somewhat languid, rendering of In Old Madrid. Their presence on the stage was slightly marred by the fact that the baritone was a trifle taller than the basso, and had therefore to stand out of his place at the end of the quartette to preserve the harmony of appearances to the eye. They were supported by Miss Minnie Marshall, a reader, who essayed a scene from Ingomar, in which she gave some ludicrous instances of false emphasis, such as "Do you love your husband?" as if the lady who was questioned would naturally be supposed to love some other woman's husband! In speaking the lines of Ingomar, she assumed a position seemingly a cross between a John L. and a laundress, which would indicate that the Barbarian was not altogether a stranger to the art of self-defence, nor yet to the charms of the class which provides man with the comfort of clean linen. In her little humorous pieces, however, she was very happy and very pleasing.

A much more satisfactory subject is the concert by the combined bands of the Queen's Own and Thirteenth Battalions on Thursday night of last week. The combined bands played splendidly. Their numbers were the Tannhauser March, the Rosamunde Overture, a selection from Ernani and Meyerbeer's Fackelanz, in which Messrs. Robinson and Bayley developed a control of their forces, which was really wonderful when it is considered that there was only a short rehearsal for the bands together. All these pieces were well played, only a slight wavering being occasionally noticeable, but the climax was well reached in the last number, which received its first representation in this wise on that occasion. The magnificent unisons were actually thundered forth, and this piece, more than any, contributed to a universal wish that the two bands might be heard together again ere long.

The Hamilton band well sustained its high reputation by its rendering of the William Tell overture, an arrangement which was new to us here, but which was very effective, while the local band gave a very amusing selection, entitled A Voyage in a Troopship, in which popular airs and the grandeur of a storm at sea were for popular favor. Mrs. Mackelcan's songs, Angus Macdonald and In Old Madrid, were sung with the expression and pathos that have made this lady so popular in Toronto, and elicited recalls to which she responded by happy renderings of Jessamy Town and a Spanish Song. Mr. Schuch's No Surrender and A Soldier and a Man, were warmly applauded, an encore song being Every Bullet has its Billet.

Minor musical notes are that Mr. Carl Martens gave a very enjoyable Soiree Musicale at Victoria Hall on Monday evening, at which Miss Marie C. Strong, Miss Ella Cowley, Miss Whitney, Mr. Carl Schmidt and an orchestra assisted. That on Wednesday evening of last week a choral Thanksgiving service was held at All Saints' Church under the direction of Mr. G. H. Fairclough, in which both choir and organist worked most effectively. That Mr. Sims Richards sang before the St. Cecilia Society of Boston on Thursday evening in a manner to win the commendation of both the society and its conductor, Mr. L'eng. Mr. Richards, during his stay in Boston, received many compliments on the quality of his voice, and will shortly be among us again.

Another noteworthy fact is that Mr. Philip Jacobi has been elected president of the Choral Society. This gentleman has always been an ardent supporter of musical ventures in Toronto, and his assumption of office means a liberal musical policy for the Society. He made his inaugural speech on Tuesday evening, and at once won the favor of the Society by drawing attention to notice on the walls of the practice-room to the effect that "prayers and addresses would be restricted to three minutes," and by faithfully adhering thereto. The practice of the Society was attended by about one hundred and fifty members, and under Mr. Edward Fisher's direction, Mozart's First Mass and part of Signor D'Auria's cantata, the Sea King's Bride, received a very satisfactory rehearsal.

The future has in store for us, first on Monday evening, the excellent Boston Symphony Orchestra Club, under the management of J. M. Depew & Co., which will play some novelties, in addition to which we shall hear Mons. Alfred de Seve, violinist to H. R. H. the Princess Louise; Mr. Richard Stoelzer on an instrument, now comparatively unknown, the viola d'amour; Mr. Fred Lax, the flautist; Mr. Otto Laney, a violoncellist of considerable repute, and Miss Augusta Oström, a Swedish singer, whose reputation promises us a great treat. On Wednesday evening, Miss Nora Clench makes her formal debut before a Toronto audience after her return from Germany, when she will play among other numbers, Ernest's Airs Hongrois, a most difficult composition. She will be assisted by Mme. Fanny Bloomfield, a pianist of considerable American repute, Mme. Moran Wyman, a fine contralto, and Mr. Whitney Mockridge, a tenor whom we are always proud to claim as a Torontonian. Mme. Bloomfield will play a paraphrase on airs from Lucia for the left hand alone, an effort we have not seen in Toronto since the days of Boscovitz some twenty years ago.

On Thursday, the day of turkeys, we shall have two strong musical attractions. Elm Street Methodist Church, which has long been in the van in the enterprise of securing eminent talent for its concerts, will offer us Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, one of the finest sopranos in America, and Mr. George Parker, a tenor of equal repute, together with the standard forces of the choir. Mrs. Davidson, Miss Scott, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Blight, with Mrs. Blight at the organ. On the same evening Mr. Schuch will present, on behalf of St. George's Society, a programme headed by Mrs. Agnes Thomson, who will then make her first appearance this season. She will be supported by Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Schuch, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, Mr. J. C. Arlidge, Mr. G. H. Fairclough and the fine choir of the Church of the Redeemer, all of whom will present a distinctively English programme.

The following week will give us on Monday evening a concert by the Heintzman Band, for which it has secured the great cornet virtuoso, Jules Levy, with his company composed of Mme. Rosa Linde, contralto; Mr. William Lavin, tenor, and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. The Thursday of that week will place before us a concert by the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, under Mr. Schuch's direction, at which will appear Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Charles V. Slocum of Buffalo, Mr. Schuch, Mrs. H. M. Blight and the band of the Queen's Own Rifles; all of which goes to show that Toronto is a decidedly musical city.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.

On account of this page of SATURDAY NIGHT going to press on Wednesday I am unable this week to make mention of Mr. Mantell's appearance at the Grand Opera House in his new play, The Marble Heart, and in his Shakespearean success, Othello. His romantic play, Monbars, has already been noticed at length in this column. It is the role which Mr. Mantell has made us familiar with and which has made him best known to the people of Toronto. Despite the imperfections of Monbars, however, and the frequency of its presentation here, large and appreciative audiences greeted it this week as formerly.

This I ascribe to the magnetic personality of the star and his brilliant impersonation of the title role, rather than to any intrinsic merit of the character itself. The play verges continually on the melodramatic, and in less conscientious and able hands than Mr. Mantell's, would be branded by most critics as being sensational to a degree. The agony begins early in the play and continues almost uninterruptedly to the end. But quickened with the spirit of genius and tempered with its moderation, surrounded with the glamour of a strong mind and the attractive glow of a handsome person, the somewhat inconsistent character of Monbars becomes as enthralling to the spectator as though it bore the magic impress which makes Hamlet and Othello live forever in the minds of men.

Few men could be found physically more adapted to the impersonation of heroic characters than Mr. Mantell. Tall, straight and muscular, with head well poised on his broad, square shoulders, legs like the Apollo Belvidere and a face approaching the Grecian in contour, an artist would instinctively compare him to the ancient conceptions of the solar deity, and not much to his disfavor. His eye is luminous and expressive, and in the ordinary tones of his voice one hears the reverberation of distant thunders which are not wanting when called upon. Yet his whispers can be heard in the farthest corner of the house. A good bodily presence is almost as necessary to the actors of heroic roles as the gift of speech, and in this particular the powers have been unusually favorable to Robert Mantell.

The company supporting Mr. Mantell is composed principally of the same people who accompanied him last season. Miss Charlotte Behrens takes the principal female character, Diane. This bright young lady, while taking her part with much care and a thorough apprehension of its requirements, possesses one fault which detracts largely from the beauty of her work—that is, the sound made when she takes breath after each sentence. Her reading of her lines is decidedly stagey, while her movements are graceful and free. She seems to have been trained in the melo-dramatic school, and finds it difficult to throw off the tendency to end her sentences on a high note. The Laurent of Mr. Mark Price contains many good touches, but would not suffer if he could modulate his voice at times, so as to make it a little more sympathetic. Mr. Kendall Weston as Louis De Meran, does not improve much, and his acting of that important character leaves a good deal to be desired.

Mr. H. C. Kennedy's company, presenting The White Slave, is with us again this week at the Toronto Opera House. The White Slave is not quite so old as Uncle Tom's Cabin, as it was evidently from the latter that the gifted author, the late Mr. Bartley Campbell drew his inspiration. But if not quite so old, the mosses of antiquity have long since made their appearance, though the play still draws well enough on the cheap route. The friends of one's boyhood may be seen with pleasure and delight once in a while, but when their visits recur frequently, and when they retail the same old stories, the same old jokes, and the same old songs at each visit, one longs for some "valley in the west," where, free from Uncle Toms, and White Slaves, and all their kind, "the weary soul may rest." The interminable working of these old plays is another instance of the lack of originality I wrote about last week. Good plays, discarded by first class companies, gradually run down, till, in the hands of barn-storming companies, bereft of all their original spirit, they are dinged into the public ear as long as they are capable of making a dollar for a manager. This may be business, but when business becomes the grand object of managers and players, the drama as an art is sure to retrograde. I did not observe that the company playing The White Slave here this week contained any members calculated to scintillate at a much loftier attitude in the dramatic firmament than they now occupy.

"Come in," said Miss Behrens, as I tapped at the door of her parlor in the Rossin House. Accepting the invitation, I found myself in the presence of three women, who appeared to be talking at the same time. One was, of course, the leading lady of the Mantell Company; another was lady number two, and the third was a voluble talker, who was soliciting orders for lace goods. The latter soon departed; Miss Hamblin also left the room. Pointing to half-opened packages of gloves and hose, Miss Behrens told me that she had been shopping—"buying things for my nephews and aunts and cousins," she said, merrily.

"I was born in Brooklyn, though my education was received in California, and I made my debut in San Francisco, so I am really a California girl." This was in response to a query as to what particular part of Uncle Sam's domains she called home.

Miss Behrens declined to express a preference for any one of the three characters she portrays, although she confessed a liking for "emotional parts."

"Do people not tell you that you have an emotional face?" I asked. "Yes," was the hesitating reply, "I must admit that they do." Her face is a study, bespeaking a rugged power of concentration. In conversation she lacks the dash and sparkle which so many actresses affect, and adopts a womanly and tender manner. It may not be natural, but is rather pleasing—perhaps from its scarcity among those whose vocation calls them to face the footlights.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

A case which shows the amount of work some players go through to perfect themselves in a part, is Mr. William Harris, Rhea's leading man. He is said to have read all the histories and memoirs ever published about Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to fit himself for that role in the new play of Josephine.

In the Dresden (Germany) State Theater it is a breach of discipline for any artist to accept flowers or tokens of admiration or in any other way to recognize the presence of the audience during the performance.

Dion Boucicault and Ben Teal are jointly engaged in play-writing. The copyrights of Boucicault's plays were lately sold at auction in London with the following results: London Assurance brought \$785; Flying Scud, \$250; Arrab-n-Pogue, \$625; The Long Strike, \$210; After Dark, \$350; Formosa, \$270, and the remainder much smaller sums.

The United States taxed Wilson Barrett to the tune of \$2,000 for the privilege of bringing his scenery, costumes and properties into that country. He proposes to appeal to the secretary of the treasury on the ground that they were merely his tools of trade.

Boucicault, discussing orchestras in the Mirror, says: "Why should music accompany dramatic performances anyway? Is it not a sign that music is not wanted when we see the bands shoved here and there, under the stage and over the stage, and in the wings, and finally in some separate room where they are not seen? In many of the theaters of Europe now they have no orchestras at all, and orchestras were unknown in the formative period of the drama. There is none at the Theatre-Francaise."

## He Did.

Miss Beacon (of Boston)—Do you never feel an insatiable craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcribe the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite? Omaha Man—Yes, Kinder.—Harper's Bazaar.

## The Marlborough House Malady.

At the Whippersnapper Club: Cadley—What aw you witing, old chappie? Deuced long lettaw, bay Jove! Cubleigh—It's not aw lettaw at all, doncher know. The fact—aw—ja, I've got Iwight's disease—aw—and I'm—aw—making my will. Cadley—Gad, ole fellow, I've just been to aw undawtakaw's to give diwectiuns for maw faw newel. I'm in thaw—aw—lawst stages, mawself.



## Two Little Elves.

Two tiny, chattering whimsical elves  
Are with me everywhere,  
The first is fair, with stately grace,  
And one is dark, with brown-hued face,  
And both are of glinting hair.

The name of one is Fancy Free,  
Her eyes are tender blue;  
But wee Miss Practical's orbs are brown,  
At Fancy's freaks she'll oftentimes frown,  
And mutter—"Sare to rue."

Gay Fancy's garb is clinging white,  
With ribbons, frills and lace;  
Her sister elf is clad in gray,  
But heart-thoughts over her features play,  
And brighten her sober face.

On shopping days Miss Fancy leans,  
Whispering with coaxing air:  
"This cloth is best—so new and bright,"  
But Practical holds it to the light,  
And says "I fear 't won't wear."

Miss Fancy speaks of moon I know,  
As jolly and kind and gay;  
She praises a voice, a smile or eye,  
But Practical asks in a tone so wise,  
"Will he mean the half 't'll say?"

At night when the world looks dark and gray,  
When people seem cross and blue,  
Miss Fancy moans, "O, 'tis a shame,"  
But Practical cries, "Fancy's not to blame,  
The rest are right—it's you!"

—FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

## Pighting.

For Saturday Night.

A rippling wave upon the sea,  
A moon-beam chase and cold,  
Clashed hands and plighted troth to-night,  
With vows that ne'er grow old.

Ah! but the wave was a happy swain,  
Ah! but the moon-beam a cry,  
While the fair stars watched once again  
O'er love's fond flitting joy.

For another wooer sought the moon,  
And she's but a flicker's eye,  
So he wrapt her close in his dark embrace,  
And his fierce wild homage paid.

The moon sleeps yet in her cloud love's arms,  
The dark wave ebbeth alone,  
Tis this a plighted lover's vows,  
Then lightly overthrown.

C. G. B.

## Having the Last Word.

For Saturday Night.

We've just had a few words,  
My little wife and I,  
A practice which we oft indulge  
When no one else is by.

And, come to this, I tell you,  
The day that we were wed  
We had a few, and every day  
Since then, one word has led

To more, though twenty years  
Are numbered with the past,  
We both have tried, with might and main,  
Which one would have the last.

"A dog's life" do you say?  
Well, hardly that, he'd be  
A very happy dog indeed,  
That could compare with me.

You'd wish that you were dead,  
Rather than Fate should bring  
To you a lifetime such as mine,  
Of constant quarrelling.

Ah! well, now, come. Who said  
A word of quarrelling?  
She's all that's sweet, and kind, and good,  
And still my darling.

We've just had a few words,  
As I remarked above;  
But, bless you, they have only been  
As always—words of love.

SEVERAL BRIDGES, OCT. 29, 1889. REV. J. SMILEY, M.A.

## The Father to His Boy.

Come hither, William John, my son, come hither to my knee.

We'll sit and watch the river take its journey to the sea,  
And as the water rolls along I fain would talk awhile,  
Since I have heard thy youthful soul is lately steeped in guile.

They tell me that you want to be a humorist, and write  
For papers, grinding out your jests at morning, noon and night;  
To tell of candies made of clay and other jokes as dark—  
Alas, my son, old Noah sprung each chestnut in the ark!

You'll tell about the wretched man who long with stove-pipes toils,  
And say the mother-in-law is fit for stratagems and spils;  
And to the cat that sings at night you columns will devote,  
And bubble o'er with humor when you're speaking of the goat.

That breaks its fast with circus bills and scraps of rusty tin,  
And bolls with mirth when speaking of the tramp who's soaked with gin,  
And gets a dose of thirty days—oh, William Johnnie, hark!  
Old Noah rang the bell on such when sailing in the ark.

Of course, about the setting hen you'll speak in ecstasy—  
That brooding fowl has always been to humbly rists a glee;  
And then the poet with his rhymes who climbs the printer's stair,  
And lands upon the sidewalk with a look of dull despair.

And looking to the future, son, you well can decry  
Propounding such a thing as this: "What makes the bottle fly?"  
Or telling of the nurse and "cop" a-courting in the park—  
Old Noah wept when gags like these were given in the ark.

We'll sit beside the river, son, and watch its rapid flow,  
And if you do not change your mind, we rapidly shall go  
To where there hangs a beaten strap within our humble call,  
And I shall gently take it down—shall take it from the wall;

And those who live within three blocks ere we have done  
Our quarrel  
Will think I'm simply pounding in the heading of a barrel;  
And if they any questions ask I'll say it's just a lark  
With one that wants to spring the gags that so ended in the ark.

—Omaha Republican.

## A Desperate Man.

Bagley had called on fifteen landlords, all of whom objected to leasing him their houses because he had children. At last he became desperate and resolved to have a house at any cost. "Well," he said to landlord number sixteen, "I guess I'll take this place." "Pardon me, sir," said the landlord, "but have you any children?" "Yes," sighed Bagley, "but I'll kill them."

—Judge.



## Noted People.

Prof. John Stuart Blackie of Edinburgh attains his 80th birthday this year.

The King of Bavaria receives an income of \$1,000,000 a year from the profits of the Hofbrauhaus brewery.

Edison's hair is rapidly becoming gray, and he attributes it to the fact that he was said to have been made an Italian count.

Emperor William has prohibited the use of the word cigar, on account of its French origin. In future the fragrant weed is to be known in Germany by the execrably Teutonic word of Glimmstengel.

John Burns, the English socialistic leader who managed the great strike of the London dockmen, is a relative of the late Robert Burns. In appearance he resembles the dead poet so strongly as to cause general comment.

A biographer of David Bennett Hill recalls the fact that the bachelor governor was never fond of the girls. He has always avoided their society, and he has been known to walk around a block to avoid meeting one.

It is not generally known that there are in existence some very spirited ballads by Lord Macaulay, which, in accordance with the author's wish, have never been published. The best of them relates the story of Bosworth field.

When the Pope recently received a letter from Harvard University in acknowledgment of some presents which he had sent it, he read the communication out aloud, slowly, and expressed his admiration of the classical Latin in which it was written.

Gov. Lee of Virginia has a letter from Lord Wolseley, saying he will attend the unveiling of the monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee in Virginia early in December unless something unforeseen prevents. This is in response to an invitation. Jefferson Davis will also attend, and Lord Wolseley and Mr. Davis will be the lions of the occasion.

Sir Edwin Arnold is credited with saying that a man who is careful about his dress will be careful about his habits, and will not engage in any proceeding that would cast a stain upon his reputation. So many exceptions to this will readily occur to everyone, that it is doubtful if Sir Edwin expressed such a sentiment without qualification.

Truth says there is a marvellous thaw in the rigidity of Balmoral life when the Queen actually allows the ball room of the castle to be converted into a theater, with a stage and appliances arranged by people from Aberdeen, specially painted scenery, representing views on Deeside, and an orchestra from Aberdeen. The piece was *Used Up*, and Princess Beatrice played *Lady Clutterbuck*.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie denies the story that weary of waiting for the Pittsburgh Councilmen to accept his offer of a free library, he had appointed a citizens' committee of his own. Mr. Carnegie says: "I am not weary of waiting. On the contrary, I am as patient as Job." A man waiting for a present of \$750,000 to be accepted suggests a new design for an emblem of patience.

During their visit to Constantinople, the German Emperor and Empress are staying at the famous White Palace. It occupies a delightful site within the demesne of the Yildiz Kiosk, with terraced gardens sloping to the Bosphorus, where two barges (one rowed by twenty-four black Nubians, in scarlet satin uniforms; the other by twenty-four Greeks, in blue silk, with red and gold caps), and a steam launch will be at the disposal of their majesties.

The Queen of Roumania, whose pen name is Carmen Sylva, has a romantic history. She was born Princess of Weid, a small Rhine principality, and her early life was one unceasing course of study. In 1869 she married Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who was made ruler of Roumania. She applied herself to the study of the language and interested herself in her people, thus winning their love and loyalty. The loss of her little daughter—her only child—was a great grief to the Queen, and her whole life has been saddened by her bereavement.

One who recently visited Whittier at his home, "Oak Knoll," Danvers, Mass., speaks with quiet conviction of his goodness of heart and kind, simple manner. A Scotch collier named Robin Adair lay on the hearth rug. On the table stood a glass of blue gentians, and a wood fire brightened the pleasant sitting-room in which the visitor waited while other callers took leave of the venerable poet. His study is a small room, with a desk scattered over with papers. Portraits of Emerson, John Bright, and the Emperor of Brazil adorn the walls. The window overlooks the spot where a minister was hanged for a wizard, and the cemetery where an Indian girl concerned in witchcraft is buried. "That was long ago," said Whittier, "but see," pointing to a horseshoe hanging above his door, "that is to keep the witches away." This last was with a little laugh, for the writer of the quaintly worded Quaker poems, the stirring records of historical events, and the dear home scenes, has yet a twinkle of merriment in his eye, though he has reached the good old age of fourscore.

To the younger generation the name of Ricord has no particular significance. To mature readers, it brings to mind one of the greatest of specialists, whom thousands of persons journeyed to Paris to meet, twenty and thirty years ago, and who was summoned in consultation whenever the Emperor Napoleon and the crowned heads of Europe discovered that the divine right of kings offered them no protection against maladies that afflicted alike sailor and sultan. Ricord, who died in Paris the other day, was, as most people will be surprised to learn, an American by birth. He was a native of Charleston, descended from the old Huguenot stock, and he came into the world with the century. His vast and gloomy hotel in the Rue de Tournon witnessed, morning, afternoon and evening, an endless procession of wretched mortals. All around the doctor's consulting-room were tiny ante-chambers, for no one of Ricord's patients cared to meet another. Ushered into the sacred presence, the visitor beheld a small and, of late, aged and decrepit man, who questioned him, submitted him to a brief examination, and gave his decision with the laconism and certainty of

science. On a table near by lay a black velvet cushion, and on this—and sometimes in a porcelain jar—the patient dropped the regulation 20 franc piece, which represented the minimum consultation fee. When the caller's face and manner pleased the Ecceplapius, he would chat with him a few minutes and show the stranger some choice pictures adorning the walls. But, as a rule, Dr. Ricord in his cabinet attended strictly to business. If he has left any memoirs, what strange stories they may tell of imperial and royal intrigues, begun amid all the splendor of passion and ended in suffering and death!

## The Bells of Lynne.

The night is falling, the north wind blows,  
It bitterly blows over marsh and sea;  
The plowman clings to his cap as he goes,  
And the curlew tilts in the spume of the sea.  
But far and faint, and sweet and thin,  
Oh, hear the bells from the old gray town,  
The ancient, red-roofed city of Lynne,  
That lies where the winding hills come down!  
As oft as the bitter winds are blown,  
The smiting winds, from the fields of snow,  
So often the bells of Lynne float down  
To the dunes and the desolate wastes below.  
As oft as the human heart is torn  
By the pain of loss, by the strife of sin,  
So oft are the bells of heaven borne  
O'er the sobbing wastes, like the bells of Lynne.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

## Varsity Chat.

Mr. K. C. McIlwraith, who used to lend a charm to the classical class of '90, and who was compelled by uncertain health to discontinue his studies for a year, has gone into medicine.

A meeting was announced for last Tuesday afternoon to discuss the control of the 'Varsity. It was expected that representatives of the company would be present to make an offer to the undergraduates but none appeared. The matter is consequently in a somewhat indefinite state at present. The lack of interest in the college paper among undergraduates is one of the most discouraging facts which a public-spirited collegian has to face. Only few ever seemed to take pride in the paper, and that, too, when pride would have had a most adequate justification. Now that its existence is threatened, there are equally few to lend a sustaining hand.

All this means that the majority take a fatally narrow view of college life. It is not the fact, *per se*, that we shall, perhaps, have no college paper, which is most to be regretted, but the other and more important fact, that the spirit and unselfish energy which are necessary for the success of a college paper and other college institutions are seen to be wanting. If men at college will not support a paper or a literary society, I cannot see where patriotism is to come in.

The class of '93 met this week for the purpose of organizing. A constitution was adopted and the election of officers postponed till next Tuesday afternoon. There seems to be considerable ability in the year.

Mr. G. Silverthorn, M.B., '89, has taken his departure for Germany where he will study for two years. "Gid's" many friends wish him unqualified success.

A motion is on the table in the Literary Society to the effect that a memorial be sent to the class of '92 requesting its executive to dispense with literary programmes at their class meetings. It is claimed that the said programmes consume energy which would otherwise be expended in the society of societies, the Literary Society. Apart from the constitutionality of the motion which is, at least, questionable, it looks like an attempt to legislate water up hill so to speak. If this well-meaning motion is carried it will be in order to censure the class of '91 for holding a dinner on Friday evening.

The Glee Club moves on in its own harmonious way. It has never been more efficient than during the last two years under Mr. Schuch, that is, speaking from an artistic standpoint. But so far it has failed to perform its other function of popularizing college choruses. Time was when from sundry lecture rooms the sweet voices of waiting students floated out on the breeze and across the campus. But old things have passed away. Tune up, gleemen.

Disturbances of gigantic proportions have taken place several times of late between neds, and arts men in the west end lecture room. There is nothing intrinsically objectionable in these good-natured scuffs, but there is danger that ill-feeling may be aroused between students of the two faculties—a consummation devoutly not to be wished.

Mr. W. H. Mulligan, a med., won the championship at the recent sports, and men of all classes heartily applauded him. The sports themselves, in spite of the unfavorable weather, were a decided success. Much credit is due to the committee for the happy result of their labor of love. The fatigue race, which is a new feature, was an unusually attractive event. It might be described, without reflecting on the contestants, as a donkey race.

Mr. J. W. Scane, '91, of football fame, has deserted his alma mater for McGill. He will study medicine.

**A Result of Rapid Social Evolution.**  
James D. Phelan, a Californian, is one of the characters of San Francisco, says New York *Truth*. Whether his first steps up the ladder of opulence were taken with a nod on his shoulder I don't know, but he became a contractor and then a money-lender. Now he owns whole blocks of business buildings on Market street, the principal thoroughfare, and lives in about the handsomest mansion in San Francisco. It is situated on Valencia street, and it came into his possession by the foreclosure of one of his hundreds of mortgages. Among the attractions of the place are sundry pieces of statuary set up here and there on the lawns. Occasionally James, the elder, lightens the burdens of life by taking a glass of Irish whiskey. It is related that when he had been a short time in possession of his captured palace Mr. Phelan set down his glass one evening, threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, spat on his hands, remarked "Hurroo!" and marched forth to the lawn. There he proceeded to break his

venerable knuckles on the Apollo Belvedere, cursing the while in an able manner.

"Good gracious, James," a female voice cried from the drawing-room window, "pshaw! the devil are you at?"

"Pshaw! am I at, is it?" roared Mr. Phelan, getting in a smasher on Apollo's breakfast.

"Sure it's two months this fella's been here, an' divil a cent av rint have he paid!" Mr. Phelan, notwithstanding his millions, adheres to the toilet of earlier and humbler years. This leads occasionally to embarrassment. Business called him East a few years ago. He filled his pipe and engaged the company in the smoker as to the resources of the country they were passing through. He was the last to retire to rest.

"I don't like the looks of that old fellow," said the conductor to one of the passengers who was honored with his acquaintance. "He'll do to keep an eye on." And for two nights the porter sat sleepless on a stool, watching the berth of the honest millionaire, to seize him should he crawl out and attempt to hunt for wallets under pillows.

## Astrophysics of the Natives.

The natives of tropical countries are seldom so much astonished as when they are first introduced to snow and ice. The congealing of water is a phenomenon they are slow to comprehend. A few months ago Sir William McGregor enticed several New Guinea natives to the hitherto unscalped summit of Mount Owen Stanley, the loftiest peak in British Australasia. On its barren summit, nearly a thousand feet above the zone of vegetation, big iceicles were found, greatly to the amazement of the natives, who were much startled when they touched them, and insisted that their fingers had been burned.

A year ago, when Mr. Ehlers ascended Mount Kilima Njaro, in Africa, his native porters, who had lived at their lives near the base of the great mountain, pulled off the boots with which they had been provided as they approached the snow line and plunged merrily into the snow in their bare feet. They lost no time in plunging out again, and lay writing on the ground, insisting that their feet had been severely burned. Some of the Central African natives who have been introduced into Germany mistook last winter the first snow storm they saw for a flight of white butterflies. Lieut. Von Francois says the mistake was a very natural one. One day when he was ascending a tributary of the Congo he saw for the first time the air filled with a great storm of white butterflies, and he mistook the spectacle closely resembling a gentle fall of snow.

The seductive summer drink, so popular in our latitude during the dog days, produces upon the untutored savage when first brought to his notice but a feeble effect as he is not used to electric shocks. King Diah of West Africa has been of the recent sightseers in Paris. An attempt was made one day to explain to him the nature of ice by introducing him to an ice drink. The untutored savage greatly startled his Majesty, and he hastily drank the concoction on the floor as soon as he had tasted it.

It is said that our Alaskan Eskimos think the weather is uncomfortably sultry when the temperature is at the freezing point, while the Central African shivers in great distress in a temperature of sixty degrees above zero.—*New York Sun*.

## Pompeian Excavations.

The excavations at Pompei go on all the year round, though the number of laborers employed depends chiefly on the fees obtained from visitors, as the State subsidy for the work is but trifling. To keep up the reputation of the place the authorities always have a freshly discovered chamber in stock, so to speak, for the portions of undiscovered Pompei occupy a larger space than does the excavated part. When a great find of antiquities takes place the excavated place is carefully, but loosely, covered over with gravel and earth to the extent of a foot, and when any royal personage or famous traveler visits the site he is led to suppose that the men, who are with a great show of energy digging up the loose gravel, are excavating in the spot, and revealing the buried antiquities for the first time.

The remote epoch are supposed to have invented cards and the practice of cheating therewith. Recent excavations which are going on slowly but surely at Pompei, show that the Romans used not only to play at dice—which we knew already—but also to cheat at the game. During the excavations a room was discovered in which the occupants had evidently been surprised at a game of hazard, or some other dice game. The dice, owing to the hard substance of which they were composed, were as good as the day they were thrown, and strange to say, two of them were found to be loaded.—*N. Y. Truth*.

## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.]

WILLY BRAWLY, Woodstock.—"Louie," not "Lo-lie," was answered in last week's issue. So your interrogation mark after "her" is absolutely valueless—is it not? Are you sure it was not one of the "boys" who dared you? You are self-willed, endowed with a liberal amount of the spirit of mischief, and are witty, decided and apt to be jealous.

Doc, Hulburton, N. Y.—S-m-p-a-th-e-t-i-c, generous, decided and prompt in action; apt to please yourself regardless of consequences. It evinces also sense of honor and warmth of attachment.

O. T. Malone, City.—Witty, impulsive and prone to disregard advice. Your writing indicates also ambition, with a lack of that perseverance necessary to the fulfilment of it.

FALLING LEAVES, Ottawa.—You are controlled by your head, not your heart; are reserved, energetic, yet show power of passionate attachment and fervor of imagination.

SANANATHA, Toronto.—Artistic taste, good nature, energy, warmth of attachment. Inclined to consider well before taking any important step.

BEATHE M. GALT.—If your lover is deficient in courtesy towards you, you may be sure he will not alter for the better after marriage. Any lack of regard for the established conventionalities shows a want of respect, and a thoroughly careless nature. You can easily alter the back drapery. Take it off and out it shorter, for it will look much better plain. Your suggestion of a mahogany hat trimmed with black plaid tips is an excellent one. Have two frocks made for your dark green dress—one matching it and one of a lighter shade, or pale yellow, whichever you prefer. Your writing shows a certain kindness, much and perseverance.

FANNY, Jarvis street.—Your first question is a very silly one, Fanny. How on earth can I tell how you will know you are in love. True regard is not like measles, sure to be preceded by unalterable symptoms. My own opinion—and I do not claim to be an authority on such a matter—is that you will be pretty sure to be able to decide that very delicate question your own little self. As to fascination—some people are so magnetically attractive that you will be influenced by them no matter how long you have known them. You are quick in moving quick to comprehend, and just as quick tempered too. Besides I think you are variable in your likes and dislikes. Your friend's writing shows an amiable disposition, prudence and courage.

MADONNA, Toronto.—Not during the same season. To return a courtesy as quickly by a similar one looks too much like "false exchange." There are many ways in which one can make known the appreciation of a gift without a direct return. Your writing shows love of order, refinement, and tendency to exaggeration.

JAMES H. Belleville.—The young lady is certainly in the wrong. It should be a great satisfaction to her to know that you are perfectly gentlemanly in your attitude towards all ladies. Perhaps you have misunderstood her. Such trifling things so often ruin friendships, that I would advise you to be cautious and not wear an offended air. I trust it will all come right.

BOY BIRD, St. Catharines.—Read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Shakespeare. One should not confine one's reading to the works of to-day, though they certainly should have their share of attention. History is of use in acquiring a fund of general information. Do not allow words which you do not understand to escape you. Hunt them down with a dictionary. This is a sure way of enlarging a vocabulary, and if you follow this system thoroughly you will be surprised to see how often you will meet the very words you "bustled to" this earth. Your writing shows sensitiveness, a reserved temperament and some ambition, but you must persevere in all things you undertake. There is no "luck." People generally work for all they get, and if they do not pay for it in work they pay for it in some other way, you may be sure.

## Unfilial.



Mrs. Bendrix—I don't know what I shall do, doctor, if anything happens. Such an interesting child; and growing to be a perfect image of his father.  
Little Ned (with a slight attack of the measles)—I guess you needn't bother to give me any medicine, doc. I think I'd prefer to die.—*Judge*.

## Modern Children.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the current number of *Chambers' Journal*, has passed severe judgment upon the rising generation of boys and girls, whom she attacks with a sarcastic vehemence suggesting the well-worn metaphor of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. According to description, the young people of to-day are self-opinionated, ill-mannered cubs, upon whom the higher education seems chiefly to have had the effect of making them dissatisfied with themselves and extremely unpleasant to other people. I cannot agree with Mrs. Lynn Linton on this point. The young folks have their faults, and so had their fathers and mothers; but I think it is distinctly unfair to denounce them as discourteous, conceited prigs because, by reason of the march of progress, they are being educated on different lines to their parents. The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the ages, but surely it is far-fetched to deduce from this fact the gradual disappearance of wisdom of conduct, good taste, and refinement of feeling. It is true our boys and girls are freer in speech and manners than the children of previous generations, but we have purposely quickened the action of their brains and unfettered them from the cumbrous conventionalities of the past, and I may even go so far as to say that at the present rapid rate of educational advancement it is more than probable that the youth of the present day do know a great deal more than their progenitors. But whether or not parents agree with this view, I am sure they will all stoutly deny that their sons and daughters are ill-mannered prigs, for that casts reflection upon their own tact in training their offspring.

We have very recently been reminded that exactly a century has elapsed since the death of the author of that extraordinary work, *Sandford and Merton*. It was on this book, and books of the same improving class, that the minds of children were trained—save the mark!—a generation or two ago. Can Mrs. Lynn Linton seriously believe that boys and girls nourished on such worthless literary food were allowed a fair chance of intellectual growth, or that priggishness of a far more objectionable type was not fostered by the sickly self-satisfaction of the model Harry, or by the cloying platitudes of that insufferable bore, Mr. Barlow? The children of to-day are, fortunately, emancipated from the tyranny of such mind stupefying rubbish as the book to

which I have referred; and it is surely better that they should err in being a little too nearly abreast of their elders in knowledge and *savoir faire* than that they should be crushed down by modern Mr. Barlows—male or female—into vapid, idealess puppets—the model children of the Sandford and Merton era.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

## Ancient Holy Wine.

In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville in Bremen there are twelve cases of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the Apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting place 265 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of five oxbotts of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix-dollars in 1524. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay and interests upon interest, one of those oxbotts would to-day cost 555,657,640 rix-dollars; three single bottles, 2,273,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,476 rix-dollars or \$272,380, or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars or \$272 per drop.

## An Easy Solution.

Edith—Oh, dear, I don't know what to do with myself!  
Jack—Give yourself to me.

## Homoeopathic.

Brown (who has just passed the box)—How do you like these cigars, old man?  
Jones—At very long intervals, thanks.—*Puck*.

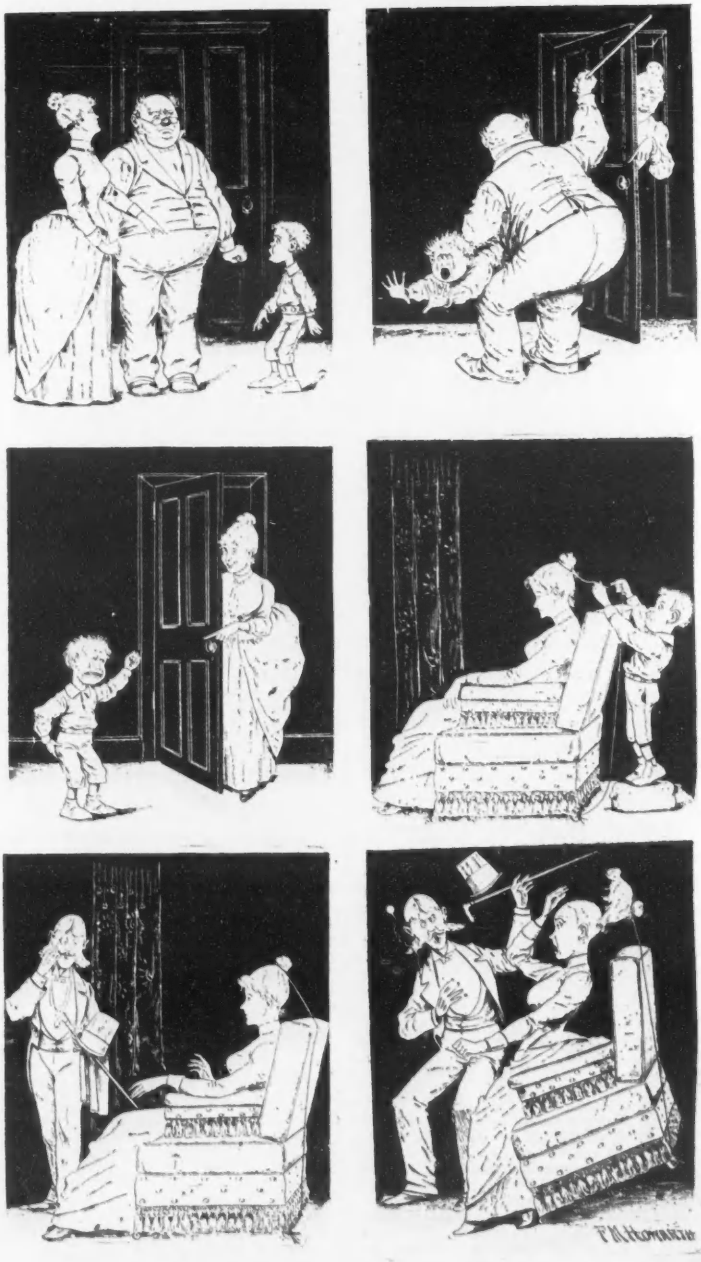
## Purely a Matter of Sentiment.

"May I see you alone for a few minutes Mr. Allansh?"  
"Certainly, Mr. Hardup. Is it on a matter of business?"  
"No, sir. Merely a matter of sentiment. I wish to ask for the hand of your daughter."—*Time*.

## Many Work at this Business.

"Cunso," said Fangle, "what is Jay Smith doing for a living now?"  
"A contractor."  
"Ah! In what line?"  
"D-b's."—*Time*.

## The Tell-Tale Sister, a Severe Chastisement and An Awful Revenge.









## THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Hugh and Stanley drove towards Eynecourt almost in silence; the young man had felt during his fiancée's absence at Combermere, and which had been charmed away during the walk from church, had returned with full force. There was a strange presentiment of coming evil upon him, which was almost as hard to bear as a real calamity.

Stanley also felt vaguely troubled. Her father's return had startled her, and Lady Sara's hazy appearance had made her feel anxious and nervous—her manner had been so uncertain, her glance so full of an unrest and sadness which could not have been the result of ill health only. How her poor trembling hands had felt, how pallid were her lips, and how deathly cold was the cheek, in which Stanley had pressed her farewell kiss! The girl knew how deep Hugh's love for his mother was, and that his sorrow at any misfortune or illness of hers would be proportionate to that love.

The evening was fresh and fair and bright; there was the chill touch of autumn in the air and already the early dusk was creeping down slowly from the hills. When they turned into the park, the chilliness increased, and the light was lessened by the dense foliage of Sir Humphrey's great beech-trees. Hugh drew the rug more closely about Stanley.

"You are not cold, my dear?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she replied, giving him a little grateful smile.

"How did you think my mother was looking?" he inquired.

Stanley hesitated for a moment.

"She does not look well," she answered gently.

"But the autumn is a trying time for invalids," "I do not think it is that," the young man returned moodily. "Poor mother!"

Stanley touched his hand with a tender gesture of sympathy, and his fingers closed over hers for a moment. Then they drove on in silence until they reached the house.

The great hall door was open as it had been in the morning, but there was no sunshine now upon the threshold where Stanley had stood waiting for his lover. Within the house the antique brass lamps were already lighted. There was no one but a servant in the hall when they entered. The groom drove the ponies round to the stables; Hugh declared he would rather walk home.

"Sir Humphrey is in his own apartments, ma'am," said the servant, advancing to Stanley.

"He is resting; but he desired to be informed when you returned."

"I will not detain you, dear," said Hugh, as the girl led him into the library, where the autumn dusk reigned supreme, unbroken by lamplight or firelight. "I will say good-bye now."

"Will you not wait and see my father?" she asked, in some surprise. "He is always glad to see you, Hugh."

"He is tired; he would prefer to be alone with you, my darling," said Stanley, as he turned and left the house, striding away, his tall, graceful figure disappearing rapidly in the growing dusk.

Stanley stood by the window and watched him go. His manner had startled her. But Hugh was no apathetic lover, and she was accustomed to his sudden changes of manner; under his usually calm exterior lay his real nature—earnest, passionate, ardent; and Stanley himself, single-hearted though he was, had felt happy and grateful to those occasional outbursts of tender ardor which seemed to stir Hugh Cameron's heart. The mingled reticence and passion which characterised him had touched her deeply, and had imparted to her own love a tenderness which was almost maternal in its nature. This fair Sunday evening, as she stood looking after him, she felt a sudden sharp pang, as if something good and precious had gone out of her life—something which would never return to it. And yet how foolish it was! she thought, turning from the library window. Hugh was coming in the morning, and they were to ride together.

"Lady Sara must have upset me a little," she said to herself, as she crossed the library.

"How ill she looked to-day!"

She was thinking of Lady Sara as she mounted the great staircase to go to her father. She could recall distinctly her appearance and manner, her colorless face, her fever-bright eyes, the soft, somber folds of her dress, the diamond stars gleaming in the shadowy black lace; she seemed to feel again the touch of the tremulous, burning fingers, and a smile she recalled the poor lady's momentary annoyance.

Even then she could not put her father from his throne, she thought, as she went down the picture gallery, and, drawing aside a heavy Eastern portiere, knocked at the door which led into the suite of rooms which her father occupied. He was not resting, for she could hear his footsteps within, moving to and fro.

The sound ceased abruptly as she knocked; but no answer came to her. She waited for a minute, then knocked again. If she could have seen what was passing on the other side of the door by which she entered, her summons would have been more imperative still. Presently Sir Humphrey's voice from within answered her.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a muffled tone.

"It is I, father," she replied gently. "May I come in?"

There was a momentary hesitation.

"Will you excuse me until dinner-time, my dear?" he said. "I am tired with my journey, Stanley."

"So tired as that?" queried Stanley. "You are not ill, dear?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I am only tired," answered the muffled voice from within. "I am resting now, Stanley; I will see you at dinner."

With an anxious sigh the girl turned from the door. It was rare indeed that her father should be so tired to receive her. A chill seemed to strike her as she went to her own rooms and began to take off her bonnet.

She was alone in her pretty dressing room; for Benson had gone to the evening service at the village church. When she had removed her bonnet, she sat down in a low chair by the window with a strange sense of sadness and anxiety oppressing her. The window faced the west, and through a gap in the beech trees she could see the crimson and gold and purple of the sunset which yet lingered above the hills; but in a few minutes it faded slowly, leaving a line of faintly-tinted clouds above the gray horizon.

It was quiet and peaceful and pleasant in the pretty room; but Stanley could think of nothing but her father's unusual behavior, and her anxiety deepened every moment. It was so strange to send an imperative summons for her to return home, and then, when she came, to shut herself into his own apartments and refuse her admittance. Something had happened—something was wrong. What was it?

She tried to reason herself out of her fears—she tried even to ridicule them—but failed.

The anxiety was so new to her that she began to wonder vaguely what ailed her—there was not some physical cause for her depression. But she felt no fatigue—nothing but this terrible anxiety.

Her confusion and restlessness became almost unbearable; and at the sound of the first bell she sprang to her feet with an exclamation of relief.

She took off her simple, gray gown and replaced it by a soft, white garment which fell around her in clinging folds, and which, while it was high to her throat, left her arms partly bare. She put on no ornaments save the one she always wore—a *porte-bonheur* bracelet with two words upon it, formed of closely-set, small brilliants. *Toujours, jamais*, was the legend on the bracelet which Hugh had given her a day or two after they had been engaged. As she went downstairs, the gleam of the diamonds in her engagement ring caught her eye, and she drew a long breath in sudden fear. Might it not be true? Ah, but it was utterly impossible! Nothing could come between her and Hugh!

In the drawing room the softly-shaded lamps were burning, and the fragrance of hot-house flowers filled the air. Sir Humphrey had not yet come down; and Stanley had to endure another quarter of an hour's suspense before the door opened and he appeared.

As the girl went forward to meet him, she saw that he had not dressed for dinner, and she was struck with something, which, for so much in his appearance as in his manner.

He was paler certainly, and not so vigorous as usual; but he did not look ill. He smiled as he took her hand and kissed her; but the smile was forced and sorrowful one, and there was more than the usual tenderness in the kiss he pressed upon the girl's white brow.

He began to talk hurriedly, almost nervously, excusing himself for his refusal to see her, alleging his fatigue as the reason; while Stanley, who was anything but reassured by his manner, could only answer in monosyllables, and wonder if he would tell her the reason of his hurried journey and unexpected return.

But he volunteered no information, nor did he mention Hugh Cameron.

"You traveled with Mr. Ashton?" she remarked, breaking a rather awkward pause.

"He arrived at Brancepeth before I left, and I saw him there."

Sir Humphrey's grizzled eyebrows met in a heavy frown; but he answered in his usual tone:

"Yes—we traveled together."

Then he changed the subject abruptly; while his daughter noticed with surprise and fear that he made no inquiry about Lady Sara's health—nor did he mention any of the family at Brancepeth. She resolved to broach the subject herself.

"Lady Sara is a little better to-day," she said, wondering at the timidity she felt in addressing her father. "She is able to leave her room; but she looks very ill indeed still; and Hugh seems anxious and unhappy about her."

Sir Humphrey made no reply. He had been standing by the mantelpiece; but now he moved away and walked across to the window. The movement was so marked that Stanley could not mistake its meaning; he wished to avoid any mention of Brancepeth.

Fearless though she usually was with her father, his manner was so stern and repellent now that she could not put the question which at another time would have come freely to her lips; and when the second bell rang, falling upon the silence with an almost startling clearness, Sir Humphrey, turning from the window, advanced and gave her his arm, the hand she laid upon his coat sleeve was trembling with agitation. The old man looked down at it, and his lip quivered under his heavy mustache as he put his own hand over it.

"Stanley," he said very gently, "let me see your eyes rest upon her face with an expression of great tenderness and compassion, 'you will trust me, dear—you can trust your father!'"

The girl's upraised eyes answered him as he hesitated as her lips.

"Oh, father, if I could not trust you, whom could I trust?" she said piteously. "What is it? Whatever it is, we can bear it together—can we not?"

"We must bear it together—you and I," he replied, "I will tell you my present, my daughter. We must have some food first; for we shall need all our strength. Come!"

As they crossed the hall, Stanley noticed that his step had grown feeble, as if he had suddenly become an old man—he who had been stronger and more stalwart than many men thirty years younger than himself—and that he seemed rather to lean upon her, although he had given her the support of his arm. The thought made her strong; and she found courage and calmness to talk to him through his long and elaborate dinner for which neither of them had any appetite, although her heart was faint within her at the sight of the lines so deeply graven on his forehead and about his mouth—lines which forty-eight hours since had been scarcely visible.

(To be Continued.)

## An Unorthodox View of Profanity.

I suppose that the use of strong language, more forcible than polite, may be classed among the evils of our social condition. But I deny that it is the outcome of total depravity. Instead, it is an escape-valve for the annoyances of overwrought, overtaxed humanity, and reform, in its direction should strike beyond it at the evils requiring this escape valve.

Women, being somewhat nearer the angels than men, may smooth their ruffled feelings in some less emphatic manner, but they are foolish to lift up their hands in holy horror or give lectures gratis on the beauty of self-control when man indulges in forcible language. Self-control is all very well in its place, but it is suicidal at times to bottle one's anger up for suppression. It ought to find vent. Of course one is shocked by low, gross profanity, but we all know there are situations to which nothing but that short, crisp, telling word in such common use among us will do justice. Unprovoked profanity is, of course, a weakness. It is a waste of shot and powder.

"Blessings on the man who first invented sleep," writes Sancho Panza, and the other man who invented that satisfactory monosyllable we have indicated had a sharp eye to the needs of future generations.

There is a sort of home-manufactured profanity used by those who lack the moral (if courage to take hold of the genuine article. I always feel a mild contempt for such people. They are apt to deal in light weight and scanty measurement and other petty meannesses in business. They are the mealy-mouthed sort, who would damn a neighbor's character by base insinuation.

I have seen a man whose indulgence in strong language upon provocation was a sore trial to his pious wife, and yet in a neighborhood of church-members, he, though outside the fold, was the model character of the community when it came to a question of honor.

Who ever knew a sea captain who could not use language more pacific than elegant upon occasion, yet what a noble, big-hearted class they are! They seem to have absorbed a grand contempt for conventionalities from old ocean, and profanity in them has a suggestion of the picturesque.

It is sometimes a disadvantage to cut off from this escape-valve. There is something almost pathetic in the story of the deacon, who saw his load of apples rolling down hill through the agency of a vicious tailboard, just as his oxen had slowly dragged it to the top. It was too much for human endurance. The old-fashioned expletives trembled on his lips, when

suddenly, the spire overtopping the grove of maples across the meadow, warned him that he was a church-member.

But an escape-valve in the shape of Tom Knowles, who was noted for profanity, came up in the nick of time.

"Tom," said the deacon, tendering him a coin, with an unutterable glance at the apples' race down hill, "hoo in now and give us a quarter's worth of swear words."

Pretty Soon.



Lawyer Switzer.—Call a messenger, Richard Richard.—Yes, sir.



Lightning Charley, (ten seconds later).—Sorry to be late, boss, but some gravel got in th' tube, an' I rasped a little comin' round th' corners.—Puck.

## I X L STEAM LAUNDRY

42 Richmond Street West

GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY

Delivery to all parts of the city.

PROF. DAVIDSON  
Now at 71 Yonge Street  
ON  
November 1  
WILL REMOVE TO  
Room 3, Arcade, Yonge St.

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.

GRAVEL ROOFING  
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.

ASPHALT PAVING  
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.  
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.  
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

## HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS

CURE A HEADACHE

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX, CONTAINING 6 POWDERS  
OR 5 BOXES \$1.00—FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The following cuts of man's head with demon (Headache) sawing at nerves is our trade-mark registered and hereafter will appear on every box of powders.

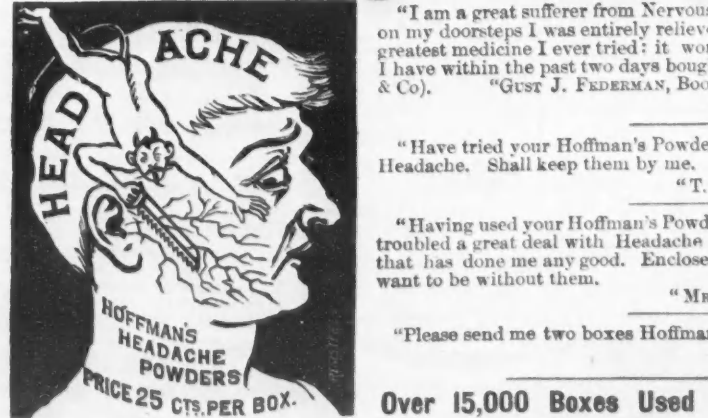
We are now distributing from house to house in Toronto 100,000 sample packages giving one and all an opportunity to test their merits. We can afford this only because we know their value demonstrated by the sample will make all persons suffering from Headache of any kind regular purchasers.

WHY NOT!!! There is no reason, for Hoffman's Harmless Headache Powders are a simple and effective cure for all headache, easy to take, give almost instant relief and are perfectly harmless, containing no Opium, Quinine, Antipyrine, Bromides or Narcotics and therefore do not disarrange the stomach, nauseate or cause any after ill effects and are prompt and certain in their action. They are not prepared, recommended, or advertised for a wide range of disorders, but simply for Headaches.

They are an honest medicine for which only honest straightforward statements are made.

Though Hoffman's Harmless Headache Powders have only been before the people one year, they have met with marvellous success; the chief reason is found in the remedy itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hoffman's Powders actually accomplish what is claimed for them, is what has caused their large sale in so short a period of time.

They are not a Cathartic, and, as it often happens that persons suffering from Headache wish to move the bowels, we put up Hoffman's Harmless Liver Pills, price 25 cents per bottle, which can be taken at the same time with the Headache Powders with the best results.



## THE CHAS. ROGERS &amp; SONS CO.

LIMITED  
LATE OF R. HAY & CO.

95 and 97 Yonge Street

NEW DESIGNS

IN

FINE FURNITURE

Buy of the Manufacturer and Save Money

PATENTS

Concessions and Re-issues secured, Trade-Marks registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge.

With my offices directly across from the Patent Office, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care, in the shortest possible time.

FEE MODERATE, and exclusive attention given to patent business. Information, advice and special references sent on request.

R. J. LITTELL,  
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,  
Washington, D. C.  
(Mention this Paper.) Opposite the U. S. Patent Office.

SOLID GOLD PLATED.

To introduce our Watches, Jewelry, etc., for 60 days we will send this fine, heavy gold-plated ring to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps; and will also send free one handsome Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, etc., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is very fine quality, warranted to wear for years, and to stand acid test, and is only offered at 22 cents for 60 days. Introduce our goods. Order immediately, and get a \$2.50 Ring for 25 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 51 & 53 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Dunn's Mustard

Boils and Carbuncles

Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. They are a source of great suffering, and are liable to appear in large numbers, unless overcome by the use of some powerful alternative. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures these painful tumors, and also prevents them, by removing their cause.

One year ago I suffered from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. I was entirely

Cured By

taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. —Leander J. McDonald, Solely street, Charlestown, Mass.

For some time past, until recently, my blood was in a disordered condition. I was covered from head to foot with small, and very irritating, blotches. After using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am entirely cured. —C. Ogden, Camden, N. J.

I suffered with Boils every spring, for years, until I began taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine effected a permanent cure. —E. F. Lund, Portsmouth, Vt.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## JOHN FLETCHER

IRON AND STEEL WORK

ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS

AND ALL KINDS OF IRON WORK FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.

Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto

BARRETT & CO.

Real Estate and Commercial Exchange

TELEPHONE 897

18 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Ont.

ALASKA CREAM

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, AND ALL ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN.

25 CENTS TO BE HAD OF ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. First Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars

HEASLIP & PIERCE

Proprietors

For years I was afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which cured the Carbuncles, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite has improved, and I am in better health than ever before. —O. Small, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine the best blood purifier in the world. —Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health. —Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

By taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sar-

saparilla

I have been cured of a troublesome skin disease, caused by impure blood. —Wm. O. Vanover, Battle Creek, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

HEADACHE

HOFFMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX.

"The best thing of the kind that I have ever tried, are your Hoffman's Harmless Headache Powders. I have sung the praises of your powders here to such an extent, that very many are anxious to try them. The powders certainly do all you claim for them."

"JOHN CLEVELAND, Hampton, Conn., U. S. A."

"Enclosed please find 25 cents; send me box Hoffman's Headache Powders. I got a sample on the street and found it a sure cure for Headache."

"BYRON HUTCHISON, 18 Foot St., Auburn, N. Y. U. S. A."

"I am a great sufferer from Nervous Headaches and after trying sample found on my doorstep I was entirely relieved like magic from my illness. It is the greatest medicine I ever tried; it works promptly and with astonishing effect. I have within the past two days bought two boxes at our druggist (Strong Cobb & Co.)."

"GUST J. FEDERMAN, Book-keeper for Stone Bros. 68 Merwin Street, Cleveland, O., U. S. A."

"Have tried your Hoffman's Powders and found great relief from a Nervous Headache. Shall keep them by me."

"T. OWEN, 671 King Street, W. Toronto, Ont."

"Having used your Hoffman's Powders they are as recommended. I have been troubled a great deal with Headache and your powders are the only medicine that has done me any good. Enclosed find \$1.00; send me four boxes as I don't want to be without them."

"MRS. A. S. M. LAURIN, East Templeton, Que."

"Please send me two boxes Hoffman's Powders; I find them a perfect cure."

"MRS. HUGH SHAW, Hallville P. O., Ont."

Over 15,000 Boxes Used Without a Single Complaint.



## Marslard & Kennedy

313 KING ST. WEST

### FAMILY GROCERS

Orders called for at residences if so desired.

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to  
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO  
And all Principal Points in

### CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.  
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.  
P. J. SLATTERY, City Passenger Agent,  
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.  
Telephone Nos. 454 and 455.

### WINTER TOURS

Bermuda, Nassau, Florida, Jamaica,  
Cuba, California, British Columbia,  
Colorado, Texas

A. F. WEBSTER, 58 Yonge St.  
GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

### WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS

158 Yonge St., Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

"IMPERIAL" CORNETS

The best in the world, as used by  
MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH  
Canada's greatest cornet soloist and  
endorsed by JULES LEVY.  
Everything in the music line and  
at the right prices. All the latest  
publications in stock. Publishers of  
the Canadian Musician.



FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.

THE NOBBY TAILORS

241 YONGE STREET

### HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS

Oils, Water Color and Crayon  
WEST END ART STUDIO  
3751 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Mrs. A. S. Davies, Miss M. E. Bryan, Artists  
Oil and Ivory Portraits a Specialty  
Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on  
satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at  
above address.

J. W. L. FORSTER  
PORTRAITS  
Studio - 81 King St. East

### McCAUSLAND & SON'S

WALL PAPER

IMPORTATIONS

ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY  
OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES

76 KING STREET, WEST  
TORONTO

### Trunks and Valises

SATCHELS and PURSES

Best Goods. Lowest Prices

C. C. POMEROY

49 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to 55c.—  
fifty-five cents, for which a numbered  
receipt or voucher is given, may win the  
prize of the watch worth one thousand  
dollars—\$1000. Americans as well as Cana-  
dians will please note the fact. This said  
watch is the finest in America as a mecha-  
nical work of art. Send for circulars.

RUSSELL'S

9 King Street West, Toronto

### CANDY

BY MAIL AND EXPRESS

IN

2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes  
FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.

These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.

HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

### JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

### PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

### BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners

We make a specialty of the finer grades of work, such as  
Silks, Velvets, Pushes, Damask, Rep or Brocade Cur-  
tains, Table Covers, etc. Ladies' and Gent's wearing ap-  
parel cleaned by our new chemical process, which prevents  
shrinking.  
99 King Street East.  
BRANCHES—516 Queen Street West, 258 and 750 Queen  
Street East, 457 Parliament Street, and 522 Yonge Street.  
TELEPHONE, 1990.  
Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.

### FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

Micklethwaite's Fine Crayon Portraits

Prize Award at Toronto Industrial, 1889  
Gallery cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto  
\$20 Crayon and Frame for \$10. Satisfactory likeness  
guaranteed.

J. FRASER BRYCE

### PHOTOGRAPHER

107 King St. West - TORONTO

### SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes.

Sunbeams \$1 per doz.

### MEDLAND & JONES

Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.

Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1067

JOHN P. MILL

SELLS THE

BEST \$5 SILVER WATCH IN THE CITY

445 1/2 Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

### THE "JEWEL" RESTAURANT

Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has  
recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.  
Reading and smoking rooms.

HENRY MORGAN - Proprietor

- M. McCONNELL -

46 and 48 King Street East.

Commandador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family  
trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chan-  
don "White Seal" George Goulet and other leading brands  
of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always  
in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

### FOR OYSTERS SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE

CALL AT

### JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT

DOORS NEVER CLOSED

Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2000

### Grand Opera Sample Room

The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.

D. SMALL, Proprietor.

### DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS

We have removed to 509 1/2 Yonge Street, to more commodi-  
ous premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for  
cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take  
up and relay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto  
Carpet and Upholstry Co.

### F. H. SEFTON DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's

Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 6 P.M.

### SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections.

Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to  
modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade - Room B

Telephone 1846

### TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, \$5.00. Vitalized air for painless

extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

### C. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns

a specialty. Telephone 3851

### DR. McLAUGHLIN

DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

### ED. E. FARRINGER

TEACHER OF

Piano, Violin, Cornet & Orchestral Instruments

will accept engagements as Cornet Soloist for Concerts and

Entertainments. Apply to or address

58 Homewood Avenue

### H. M. FIELD

FROM LERIZIO AND FRANKFORT

### Piano Virtuoso

105 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music

Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also take

part in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

### H. GUEST COLLINS

Organist and Choirmaster St. Philip's Church, Choirmaster

St. Matthew's Church, Inst. uctor of Music at Knox

College, &c.

### Organ, Piano, Voice and Theory

21 Carlton Street

### MR. E. W. SCHUCH

Choirmaster Church of the Redeemer, Conductor Univer-

sity Glee Club, has resumed instruction in

Voice Culture and Expression in Singing

At his residence,

3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

### HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE

To accommodate those living at a distance

Mr. THOS. SINGLETON, Port Hope, Ont.,

Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candi-

dates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the

Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils

who have taken the Trinity examinations have been suc-

cessful. Reference—Mr. Arthur F. Fisher, Mus. Sec. and

A.C.O. (E. G.), Toronto.

### HENRI DE BESSE

Formerly Professor at New York Conservatory of

Music, will receive pupils for

### Violin or Pianoforte

Paris and Stuttgart Conservatory Method

129 Bloor Street East

### MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musica

Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

### Organ, Piano and Harmony

84 Gloucester Street

### A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL

Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist

Church, Toronto, teacher of

### Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 305 Jarvis Street

### SIGNOR ED RUBINI

Late principal Professor of Singing at the London

Academy of Music, London, Eng., also for some years

Maestro al Pieno at the Italian Opera, Paris, France.

Pupils prepared for the concert and lyric stage. For terms

and particulars apply to A. S. VOGT, King

Street, or

SIGNOR RUBINI, 105 Grand Street, Toronto.

### ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

150 Carlton St., opp. the Horticultural Gardens

This is a Private School, patronized by the best families

in the city.

### CHARLES FARRINGER

who has had charge of the school for

The Past Five Years

is a German, educated in his native country, and has had

Thirty Years of Experience

as a Teacher of Music in the U. S. A. and Canada.

Thorough instruction in every branch of music from the

lowest to the highest grade. For terms, etc., address—

CHARLES FARRINGER, 150 Carlton St.



### TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Thorough Instruction in All Branches

F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN

President.

### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

OVER 1,000 PUPILS LAST TWO YEARS.

All branches taught: Instrumental and Vocal

Music, Oratorio and Church Music, Elocution,

Languages, etc. SCHOLARSHIPS, CERTIFICATES

and DIPLOMAS granted. FREE Theory and

Violin Classes. Free concerts, recitals and lec-

tures. Organ students can practice and have

lessons on magnificent new instrument, built

especially for Conservatory. Pupils may enter

at any time. Send for new 85-page Calendar.

Address EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director,

Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

### BRITISH AMERICAN

ARCADE, YONGE ST.

TORONTO.

The oldest and most reli-

able of its kind in the Dominion.

All subjects pertaining

to a business educa-

tion thoroughly taught by

able and experienced teachers.

C. O'DEA, Secretary.

### BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

FOR JUNIOR BOYS

137 and 139 Simcoe Street, Toronto. Established 1866.

W. MAZILL, Principal.

The attention of parents and guardians is respectfully

directed to the fact that a comfortable home with home

training is given to some six or eight pupils (under

12 years). Application to be made to the Principal.

### THOMAS MOFFATT

FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES

A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class

125 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

### A Long Way Around, But—

He—I suppose it isn't too much to say that

you and I have always led our set, Miss

Mabel?

She—So people appear to think.

"And it wouldn't do for us to be the last to

adopt a new idea, would it?"

"No, indeed!"

"Well, have you noticed that everybody

seems to be getting married lately?"

### How We Spell,

Pay great attention! What does this spell:

ghoughphthieghteau? Well, according to the

following rule it spells—it spells— Do you

give it up? It spells potato, viz., gh stand for

p, as you will find from the last letters in tie-

cough; ough for o, as in ough; phth stand for

t, as phthisis; eight stands for g, as in neigh-

bor; the stands for t, as in gazette; and cau-

stands for o, as in beau. Thus you have p-t-

t-o-t-o. Who will give another?—N. Y. Truth-

**PEARS' SOAP**

FOR THE COMPLEXION

IT KEEPS THE HANDS IN BEAUTIFUL CONDITION

AND SOFT AS VELVET

### LOST

All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been

buying our

### BOOTS AND SHOES



## ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY CONCERT

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 7

## HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

AGNES THOMSON, the Young Canadian Soprano

MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER, the Favorite Elocutionist

MISS LANGSTAFF, Contralto

MR. GRAY, STEWART, Humorist

J. CHURCHILL, ARLIDGE, Flautist

GUSSEPI D'INELLI, Accompanist

E. W. SCHUCH, Band and the Choir of the Church of the Redeemer

E. W. SCHUCH, Conductor

This will be one of the best entertainments of the season.

English people who are interested in the work of the St. George's Society ought to give this concert the preference.

On Thanksgiving night, as there will be no better entertainment given in the city.

Popular prices 10c. Reserved seats 50c. General admission 25c.

Two Grand Pianos and a Vocalion from Messrs. Mason &amp; Rice's will be used upon this occasion.

Elm St. Methodist Church Choir

## THANKSGIVING CONCERT

Thursday, November 7, '89

MRS. E. HUMPHREY-ALLEN, Soprano

MR. GEORGE J. PARKER, Tenor

MRS. WM. DAVIDSON, Soprano

MISS ANNIE SCOTT, Contralto

MR. A. M. GORRIE, Tenor

MR. H. M. BLIGHT, Baritone

MRS. H. M. BLIGHT, Organist

MR. BLIGHT, Choirmaster

Admission 25c. Tickets at Nordheimer's, Suckling's, Claxton's and Whaley, Boyce &amp; Co.'s.

Doors open at 7.15. Concert at 8.

## NORA CLENCH

## NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC

## GRAND OPENING

Wednesday, Nov. 6

NORA CLENCH,

The Young Canadian Violinist

MME. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD,

The American Pianist

MME. MORAN WYMAN,

The Artistic Contralto

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE,

The Famous Tenor

Plan now Open at Messrs. Nordheimer's.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE SEASON,

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 4,

THE F.M.U.

Boston Symphony Orchestral Club

Assisted by the famous Swedish Prima Donna

MISS AUGUSTA OHRSTROM

And Mr. Alfred De Seve,

Viola Virtuoso to the Princess Louise.

Reserved seats 75c and \$1. at A. &amp; S. Nordheimer's. General admission 50c. Concert at 8 p.m.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR CONCERT

Horticultural Pavilion,

TUESDAY EVENING NOV. 12, '89

SECOND OF THE SERIES

JENNIE HALL WADE, Soprano,

St. John's, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THOMAS DAVISON, London, England,

The Marvellous Bird Imitator, Whistler and Ventriloquist.

Fred. Warrington, Baritone, Toronto Male Quartet.

Chautauqua Orchestra 30 Instruments.

Arthur Depew, Conductor and Pianist. F. Warrington,

Musical Director. Reserved seats, 50c. Admission 25c.

Plan opens at Nordheimer's, Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 10 a.m.

## MISS

JESSIE ALEXANDER

Having added to her already extensive repertoire will have

the honor of presenting to the public an entirely new

program of

## READINGS

Dramatic, Humorous and

Pathetic

AT

ASSOCIATION HALL

ON

Monday Evening, November 4

GEO. W. CABLE

The well-known Southern author will read his beautiful

and touching story,

## GRANDE POINTE

Monday Eve'g, November 11

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Commencing at 8 O'clock.

Admission - - - 25c

Reserved Seats - - - 50c

Plan opens at Nordheimer's, Monday, Nov.

4, at 10 a.m.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday

NOV. 4

NOV. 5

NOV. 6

## WEDNESDAY MATINEE

Magnificent production of the greatest of all burlesques, with all the wealth of its Superb

Cast, Dazzling Costumes, Gorgeous Scenery and Brilliant Calcium Light Effects

## RICE'S BEAUTIFUL

## EVANGELINE

WITH

GEORGE K. FORTESQUE as Catharine

JAMES S. MAFFIT (the original) as the Lone Fisherman

And fifty artists. Direct from its phenomenally successful New York engagement, and its

only production in Canada this season

## RICH AND ELEGANT FURS

## AN EXTENSIVE DISPLAY

MADE BY

W. &amp; D. DINEEN

King and Yonge Streets



Furs are a luxurious feature of feminine toilet—a great many furs can be worn all the year round. In England ladies do not lay aside their furs any time during the year; their beloved fur cape they wear over thin dresses even in July; and though our summers are hardly such as to encourage such practices, it is now the thing to bring out Capes and Boas with the first fall wraps. In discussing furs, big or little, from a collar to a sealskin sacque, it is natural to think of DINEEN'S STORE, because in his great establishment can be found every sort of article in fur that civilized man or woman can wear. The great feature of the establishment is Sealskins—Sealskins, that prime favorite of the world, whose steadiness of value is only surpassed by diamonds themselves. Dineen has had an immense stock of all kinds of ladies' garments made from genuine Alaska Sealskins, London dye, at very moderate prices considering the great rise in the value of seals. Other furs, such as Bear, Sable, Lynx, Beaver, Otter, Fox, etc., are made into Boas, Capes, Muffs, etc. The establishment is worthy of a visit to those looking after furs for the coming winter.

W. &amp; D. DINEEN

HATTERS AND FURRIERS

Cor. King and Yonge Streets

## Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes

We have on hand a full line of aged Whiskies, Wines, etc., foreign and domestic, for Medicinal Purposes.

## BASS' and YOUNGER'S ALES

## GUINNESS' and YOUNGER'S STOUT

## Val Blatz' Celebrated Milwaukee Lager

A FEW MORE CASES LEFT OF

## WALKER'S 1881 PURE RYE WHISKY

FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, THE ONLY LOT IN THE CITY.

Just arrived IND. COOPE &amp; CO.'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH ALES, in small packages (13 or 20 gals.) specially adapted for Private Families. Have your orders placed at once as we have only a few left unsold.

Also from ROYAL HUNGARIAN WINE CELLARS the following brands of wines for medicinal purposes, viz.:—Budai Vinas, Soggar, Villanyi, Helyesfal, Somoloi L, Tokaji Szamordoi, Tokay Aszso.

Also, largest assortment of RHINE WINES in Canada, viz.:—Laubenhelmer, Niersteiner, Rudesheimer, Hochheimer, Liebfraumilch, Johannisberger, Moselbunnen, Bacharach, Rilling, Sparkling Hock, a d sparkling Moselle all of which will be sold at wholesale prices.

A full line of PARSON'S AERATED WATERS.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city promptly.

## F. P. BRAZILL &amp; CO.

Telephone 678. 165 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

SPECIALTY—CASES OF 12 BOTTLES, ASSORTED LIQUORS, AT WHOLESALE PRICES

## MONSTER CONCERT

## ACADEMY OF MUSIC

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11

BY

LEVY

AND HIS ENTIRE COMPANY

MME. STELLA LEVY, soprano; MME. ROSA LINDE,

contralto; WM. J. LAVIN, tenor; E. M. SHONERT,

pianist; assisted by

HEINTZMAN'S BAND—Director, Mr. Thos. Haugh

Box ticket \$1. Reserved seats 75c. and 50c. Admission

25c. Tickets at Nordheimer's, Whaley, Boyce &amp; Co.'s, and

Heintzman &amp; Co.'s. Plan at Academy, Nov. 8.

## MUSIC

Composed and published by Prof. J. F. Davis

TEACHER OF

## DANCING

Academy - 91 Walton Avenue, Toronto

(Established 31 years.)

La Bronco (Dance and Music)..... 35c.

Jersey (a great favorite)..... 35c.

La Ziska (Dance and Music) (Can be played for

Ripple, Rye, York, Mazurka, Redowa, &amp;c.)..... 35c.

Pita-Pat Schottische (new). (Perfectly charming;

the very best, suitable for the Military, &amp;c.)..... 40c.

La Frolique (in 5-4 time)..... 35c.

Kirmes Lawn Tennis Dance and Waltz Combined

(dances explained)..... 75c.

## AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, opposite Gould

The best Pillow-Sham Holder, 99c. worth \$2; some selected Willow Clothes Baskets, 59c., 84c. and 94c., these are fine goods at closest prices; just from the best factory with all latest improvements their three lines of Clothes Wringers, \$3.38, \$3.98, \$4.49, usually sold for \$5. \$6, \$7, respectively; Zinc Wash Boards Ratier, 10c., Quick and Easy, the best board made, 17c.; Wash Boilers, copper bottom, No. 8—\$1.24, No. 9—\$1.34; Tea Kettles, No. 8—49c., No. 9—59c.; a complete assortment of Tinware of best make—we keep no other; Preserving Kettles, best porcelain lined, 2 quart—35c., 8 quart—75c., 10 quart—85c., 12 quart—98c. In our Ornamental and Fancy Goods Department—the best display of Albums you have seen from 15c. up to \$4.64 for one usually sold for \$8 to \$10; Scrap Albums, in large assortment at most popular prices. Ask for one of our price lists, it will help you in buying anywhere.

WM. H. BENTLEY &amp; CO.

G.S. McCorkley

27 and 29 King St. West

## CATERER AND CONFECTIONER

Our Lunch Parlor and Restaurant the Handsomest and Most Complete in Canada

## CATERING A SPECIALTY

Wedding Breakfasts, Receptions, Dinners, Suppers and Theater Parties

## ENTREES, SALADS, ETC.

Delivered to Any Part of the City

E.-F.-A. Perfumes are Superior to All Others

## LEADING

White Rose

White Heliotrope

Jockey Club

Spring Lilac

Wood Violet

## ODORS

Winona Bouquet

Stephanotes

Lily of the Valley

Ess. Bouquet

Fernandina

Florida Water

Corinne Bouquet

JOHN TAYLOR &amp; CO. - - - TORONTO



251 YONGE ST.

Opposite Holy Trinity Church, Yonge St.

Miss Stevens

FASHIONABLE

MILLINER

Is now prepared to show

her patterns. A new and

beautiful stock of

Millinery, Feathers

and Fancy Goods

at most moderate prices.

Wearers of good Millinery,

etc., should pay an early

visit. Note the address.

ESTABLISHED

1860

MILLINERY

Fall and Winter

Stock in great variety.

Stylish and Artistic

work in all its

branches.

Dressmaking

Perfection in Fashion,

Fit and Finish

guaranteed.

Leave orders

early to insure

prompt attention.



J. &amp; A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the

NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING

(Late Prof. Moody's)

## MISS BURNETT

117 Yonge Street

HAS JUST RECEIVED FROM EUROPE

## NEW PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS

Mounts, Birds, French Feathers

Flowers, Ribbons, Veilings

&amp;c.

INSPECTION INVITED

## JOHN J. TONKIN

THE

## FASHIONABLE TAILOR &amp; HATTER

OF TORONTO

The Finest Goods at Lowest Prices

155 Yonge Street, corner Richmond

TORONTO

Telephone 1728



## About Roofing.

Next to the foundations, perhaps the most important item about a building is the roof. If the roof is imperfect in character, or imperfectly put on, it is the cause of much serious damage to the building, and a perpetual annoyance to the tenant. Centuries ago, in the old country, buildings were erected slowly, the materials used were those known to be the very best to endure the test of time and weather. It is a common sight in all the old cities of Europe to see buildings now in constant use with walls and roof intact, just as they were built hundreds of years ago.

But in these days of hurry and rush, when buildings are projected, completed and occupied in a few weeks, strength, permanence and solidity have to give way to speed, and the question of actual value of the materials used is made to give way to the question of how cheaply they may be purchased.

Competition is a healthy thing in all lines of trade, but when competition among builders becomes fierce, and the prices obtained are low, the inevitable result is that the contractor has to cheapen the quality of his work, buy the lowest priced materials, and rush the job through with the least possible amount of labor, to make a small margin of profit or to save himself from actual loss.

In no line of work is this more apparent than in the matter of roofing. The cheapest man gets the work. Incompetent men embark in the business, and the result in Toronto is that a vast number of occupants are complaining that a perfect roof is almost impossible to get. Especially is this the case in the matter of felt and gravel roofing. When the best materials are used, and the workmen are skilled, it is the best known for buildings having a flat roof, but otherwise, like everything else, it becomes unsatisfactory. A few months ago the Parmelee Roofing and Paving Company began business here, and it soon became apparent that the work done by this company was of a totally different character from anything heretofore seen in this city. Roofing put on by them is unhesitatingly pronounced the most perfect that has ever been laid in the city; also a considerable number of roofs which had been about given up as worthless while yet almost new have been made absolutely watertight in a few hours by the skilled men employed by this company. Among such roofs may be mentioned those of D. W. Alexander & Co., Front and Church streets, and A. O. Andrews & Co., 151 Yonge street.

A good sample of this roofing is to be seen on the new addition to the Arlington Hotel, corner of King and John streets. This hotel has recently been remodelled and luxuriously refitted, no expense having been spared in anything. It is therefore a strong recommendation for the Parmelee Company that they were selected to do the roofing.

Mr. James Austin, President of the Dominion Bank, and of the Consumers' Gas Co., for whom the Parmelee Company have recently executed a contract at his residence on the Davenport road, speaks of it as the finest work of the kind he had ever seen.

The Company's office is at No. 10 Adelaide street West.

**HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.**  
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.  
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

**SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.** 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence 118 Palmerston Avenue.

**GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.**  
Court House, Adelaide Street  
and 138 Carlton Street

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

## Births.

FOSTER—At Thessalon, Ont., on October 14, Mrs. W. C. Foster—a daughter.  
DEGEN—At Toronto, on October 19, Mrs. C. A. Deeks—a son.  
BLACKLEY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. Wm. Blackley—a daughter, stillborn.  
ROUGH—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. W. S. Rough—a daughter.  
FERGUSON—At Cuckstown, on October 25, Mrs. O. R. Ferguson—a daughter.  
STRATHY—At Barrie, on October 24, Mrs. J. A. Strathy—a daughter.  
AMBERY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. C. Clayton Ambury—a son.  
BURWASH—At Ayr, on October 23, Mrs. Arthur Burwash—a daughter.  
DAVISON—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. J. Davison—a daughter.  
MENDERN—At Hamilton, on October 27, Mrs. Sydney C. Mewburn—a son.

## Marriages.

MCGILL—LINTON—At 58 Alexander street, on Wednesday, October 30, by Rev. David C. Clappison, Peter McGill of Toronto to Charlotte Elizabeth, youngest daughter of James Linton, Esq., of Pickering, Ont.  
HASTINGS—HATCH—At Toronto, on October 25, Dr. C. J. Hastings to Alice Hatch.  
DURKIN—McGUIRE—At Toronto, on October 29, P. J. Durkin to Annie McGuire.  
JEFFERS—BURT—At Toronto, on October 24, John J. Jeffers to Maria Louise Burt.  
MCMINN—TAYLOR—At Palgrave, on October 28, W. A. McMinn of Tottenham to M. J. Taylor.  
MCCLELLAND—ORR—At Toronto, on October 28, T. H. McClelland of Buffalo, to Mary Orr.  
GRAHAM—WOOD—At Toronto, on October 18, John S. Graham to Lucy Woolley.  
STANTON—JENNINGS—At Toronto, on October 24, Charles Stanton to Mary A. Jennings.  
PLAYFAIR—GILVIE—At Montreal, on October 24, Jas. Playfair to S. Charlotte Gilvie.  
BOYD—ALEXANDER—At Santa Barbara, Cal., on October 10, Alden March Boyd to Margaret E. Alexander.  
IRELAND—IRELAND—At Glen Tay, on October 23, Wm. K. Ireland to Sarah Smith Ireland.  
RAWE—TILLEY—At Burlington, Ont., George Rawe to Lizette Tilley.  
McINTOSH—RUSSELL—At Toronto, on October 24, Jas. P. McIntosh to Jane Russell.

## Deaths.

LAW—At Toronto, on October 27, William Law, aged 36 years.  
MORRIS—At Toronto, on October 28, Hon. Alexander Morris, Q.C., aged 63 years.  
MILNE—At Bowmanville, on October 27, John Milne, aged 67 years.  
YOUNG—At Toronto, on October 29, Archibald Young, aged 57 years.  
GRAY—At Toronto, on October 29, Maria Gray.  
MACKENZIE—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. J. P. Mackenzie.  
ROSE—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, on October 5, Capt. John Rose of Lindsay, Ont.  
SMITH—At Toronto, on October 24, N. C. Smith, aged 75 years.  
CUSHY—At Montreal, on October 5, Andrew Hamm Cushy.  
FENNER—At Toronto, on October 25, Mrs. J. W. Fenner, aged 60 years.  
ARBUCKLE—At Chapleau, Ont., on October 19, infant son of R. H. Arthur, M.D., aged 2 weeks.  
LAVERY—At Milton, on October 28, Rev. James Lavery, aged 20 years.  
McINTOSH—At New York, on October 24, John M. McIntosh, aged 45 years.  
FELT—At Buffalo, on October 23, Sophia Felt, aged 67 years.  
McINTOSH—At Uxbridge, on October 21, Samuel McIntosh, aged 72 years.  
CHAPPEY—At Mildura, Australia, on October 6, Mrs. W. R. Chaffey.  
MACDONALD—At Toronto, on October 26, James Grant Macdonald, aged 58 years.  
TURNER—At Toronto, on October 27, James Turner, aged 73 years.  
BRYDON—At Eglinton, on October 27, Mrs. Elizabeth Brydon.  
BLACKLEY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. Wm. Blackley.

**MRS. MILLER**

(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)

**Modiste, Dress & Mantle Maker**

HAS REMOVED TO

**315 SPADINA AVENUE**

## SEWING MACHINES

## LADIES:

Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?

Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?

Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?

We make them all.

**The Singer Manufacturing Company, New York**

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Central Office for Canada: - No. 66 King Street "West," Toronto

## FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

**PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE**

**UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER**

Having a first-class staff or men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.

Come and see my new importations. **SHOWING A PLEASURE.**

**486 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton St.**

## COAL AND WOOD

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL—Egg and Grate, \$5.25; Stove and Chestnut, \$5.50; Best Soft Coal, \$5.50  
WOOD—Hard and Soft. All kinds constantly on hand. Pine Wood for Brickmakers constantly on hand.

**KEIRAN & McADAM**

OFFICES AND YARDS—737 to 741 Queen Street West, 215 to 219 Manning Avenue  
Telephone 1324 and 1297

**A. MACARTHUR, JR.**  
TELEPHONE 910 and 908  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL OF  
**COAL AND WOOD**  
OF THE BEST QUALITY  
Delivered to All Parts of the City  
at Lowest Current Prices  
OFFICES AND YARDS  
181 and 183 Farley Ave., 102 and 104 Berkeley Street  
TORONTO

**MISS PAYNTER**  
Millinery Parlors  
IMPORTER OF  
French, English  
AND  
American Novelties  
No. 3 Rossin Block  
King Street West  
TORONTO.

## A Tremendous Stock

OF

## FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

Our stock of Fall and Winter Clothing is now very complete. Men's Suits and Overcoats in every known pattern and style. Young Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats are simply grand. We have this season gone to no end of trouble in order to show a stock of fine ready-made clothing that in every way would be equal in every respect to the fine custom work, and at the same time sell it at just one-third less price.

## OAK HALL

THE GREAT ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

115 to 121 King St. E., Toronto

**WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.**

## SUMMER COOKING

## The Wanzer Cooker

Is a complete revelation to cooks. With only one Wanzer Lamp 9 lbs. of beef is beautifully roasted and basted, while vegetables are being boiled and pudding or fish cooked at the same time.

A 3-course dinner is all put on at the same time, left absolutely alone, and all taken off at the same time, and better cooked than over a range. No odor of food in the room. Cost of fuel per meal only one-half cent.  
Send for catalogue.

**R. M. WANZER & CO.**  
MANUFACTURERS

Hamilton - - - Ont.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**  
ANOTHER SERIES OF  
**CALLAWAY'S**  
PERSONALLY CONDUCTED  
**EXCURSIONS**  
TO  
British Columbia  
Washington Territory  
Oregon and California  
November 5 and 19 and December 3, 17 and 31

For berths and all information, apply to any Agent of the Company, or write  
**W. R. CALLAWAY**  
118 King Street West - - - Toronto

**CARTER'S**  
**LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**CURE**  
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

**SICK**  
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**HEAD**  
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

**ACHE**  
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; Fee for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

**CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.**  
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



THIS is where the Business Men of Toronto, their Wives and Daughters are taking their mid-day lunches and afternoon refreshments with comfort and satisfaction.

66 and 68 Yonge Street

Near corner of King Street



**NEW KNITTED GOODS**



Jerseys, Shawls, Dressing Gowns

SEASONABLE IMPORTATION OF COMFORTABLE KNITTED WOOLLENS—LADIES' SKIRTS in all colors from \$1. HEAVY FLEECE-LINED JERSEYS in black and in colors. KNITTED SHAWLS AND CLOUDS—An immense variety. Ladies' Dressing Gowns—In Flannel and Felt-cloth, all colors; plain and fancy.

Ladies' Embroidered and Lace Trimmed Underwear

In Sets or Separate Garments—one of the most complete assortments you ever saw. Nurses' Caps and Aprons, Blouse Waists and a large stock of CHILDREN'S KNITTED DRESSES.

**R. WALKER & SONS**  
KING STREET EAST

**DOMINION PIANO**  
1ST IN TONE  
1ST IN TOUCH  
1ST IN SWEETNESS  
1ST IN DURABILITY  
SOLE AGENCY.  
TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.  
J.S. POWLEY & CO.  
68 KING ST. WEST.

**HEINTZMAN & CO.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**PIANOFORTES**

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.